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# "A Girl in Every Port"

Paintings by Henry Clive
Verses by Carolyn Wells

## No. 8-Rotterdam

Far across the Zuyder Zee
Pretty Gretchen waits for me;
I wonder would it have been better
If I'd never sent that letter.

# How Mothers Can Give Babies Perfect Backs

A BEAUTIFUL back may be the pride of many a chorus girl but it probably isn't perfect. Science says perfect human backs are about as rare as a set of 32 perfect teeth, which most dentists will agree is almost as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth.

Yet almost any mother can help her child to have as good a back as the best beauty contest winner if she only follows a few simple rules according to Dr. K. A. Knudsen, late Inspector of Physical Education in Denmark.

Dr. Knudsen does not confess any exclusive interest in the beautiful backs of Danish chorus girls or society women. He is concerned with the right of every boy and girl all over the world to have a straight back with strong and perfect back muscles for the lifetime job of holding the body upright or in any of the many positions which everyday work and play demand. He believes well-meaning but not ill-informed parents are to blame for the scarcity of perfect backs and the number of weak and crooked ones.

It merely is a case of "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." In a recent report in the Lancet, London medical journal, the Danish doctor says that too many babies get too much bending in the wrong direction.

It is important to exercise two sets of muscles in a baby's body from the very day that it is born. One set is in front, the chest and abdominal muscles. The other is the set of muscles along the backbone and fastened to the various ligaments of the back. Both these back-bend muscles pull on the backbone, but in opposite directions.

The trouble is that the average young baby doesn't get much chance to use and strengthen both of these sets of muscles. Instead he gets a one-sided kind of exercise because mamma likes to look at him face-upward and keep him too much on his back. To make matters worse, the little dimpled darling, instead of sleeping on a flat firm mattress is put into a soft and cozy crib with a downy pillow under his head. His middle sinks down in the too-soft mattress and he sticks up at both ends. This may make him a perfect "cupid's bow" but Dr. Knudsen suggests it also is a perfect start toward a rounded back.

Baby doesn't mind it still. He waves his arms and legs and tries to raise his head from the pillow. Working the arms and head pulls his shoulders up, shortens the chest muscles and may be the beginning of round shoulders. Lying on front like a bow, the baby's back muscles already are stretched and each kick and lift of the head stretches them still more, making these muscles too long and loose.

Nine cuts and beatings such as only babies can master will convince the mother that lying in one position must not continue as it most certainly is. So she carries the baby around in her arms or lets him sit up in her lap. Dr. Knudsen says this last is even worse than letting the child lie with feet and head up and a bent back.

No matter how much the baby is propped up with cushions or supported by protecting arms his heavy head is bound to nod and jiggle. However weighty baby's brains are going to be when he grows up his head is literally too large and heavy for the weak neck muscles to hold up successfully. As these muscles stretch, the head and the top part of the baby's body bend forward and his poor back sticks out in a miniature camel's hump.

The tragedy is that the baby's hump-back may become as lasting as the bump on the name for the backbone itself may be injured by setting a baby sit up before he is strong enough. Young babies' backbones have not yet turned completely to solid bone but are more or less soft and cartilaginous like the breastbone of a very young chicken. Too much weight on one edge of the backbone's small circular sections or vertebrae, such as is caused by the forward pull and tilting of a heavy head, may press these unhardened vertebrae out of shape. Such a deformity is difficult to correct when baby gets older.

Countless permanently deformed backs are due to children being allowed to sit at too early an age, says Dr. Knudsen. "Mothers ought to be told therefore that sitting must be absolutely avoided during the first six months of the child's life and doctors and nurses should be eager to impress this rule."

Instead of letting baby sit up for a rest the Danish doctor believes that every infant should have "gymnastics." With this a number of American doctors and nurses agree. A recommended start, so simple that even a very young baby can do it, is a "tummy" exercise. Mother takes baby on her lap and turns him flat on his tummy. Immediately baby lifts his head, a natural reaction, and that is all there is to the first "work-out." But the head-raising is an important start on the road to a perfect back.

Nature gives all normal babies back-muscles strong enough to hold up their heads for a little while. "After a few weeks' practice a baby can lie on his stomach for several minutes with his head up. But Dr. Knudsen warns that someone should watch to see that the baby's head does not drop as the muscles get too tired or this may mean the tragedy of the child smothering in the bed clothes.

The "tummy" position makes it easier for baby to learn to crawl. This may not be good news to a lot of mothers who hope crawling is a habit baby never will learn, since too many crawling youngsters have disconcerting ways of getting underfoot and grabbing everything in sight. But Dr. Knudsen says crawling is a perfect exercise. On all fours a youngster can exercise like a young four-footed animal, and animals have more perfect backs to the dozen than the best gymnasts in the world.

It Turns Out That Letting a Baby Lie on Its Back All the Time Is Bad for Its Posture and May Cause Physical Deformities Later On.

# Shipwrecked On An Island Of Cannibals—And Became Their Queen

THE little English steamer "Lockhart" struggled bravely in the teeth of a January hurricane in the South Seas 22 years ago, only to founder at last on a submerged coral reef. Captain Bloom, a Swedish seafarer, was in dread of the worst. Not just his ship and his life were in danger, on board were his bride and their six-year-old child. And beyond those reefs, if by a miracle they could survive, were cannibal tribes, inhabitants as he knew from his map, of the Solomon Islands group.

The first mate, who was the best swimmer volunteered to try to get the child ashore, and the Captain handed over his little Sanda brusquely. He kissed his wife, Maria, for what might be the last time, and the child also. Then it was every one for himself. The vessel began to break up in the battering seas. One by one the sailors leaped overboard. Mother and daughter somehow reached the beach alive, but it was too late to investigate the condition of the others. Black figures stole out of the forest beyond the strand to stare. Their expressions and trappings betrayed them as savages.

Maria Bloom and her little daughter were dragged off in triumph to the Sultan of the island; they never saw any of their shipmates again, who presumably were eaten with enthusiasm by the natives.

In the primitive mind of the Sultan Zambora, before whom the captives were flung, a vague idea stirred and on a whim he ordered their lives to be spared. His wife was dead, he had no children. What was in his mind when he saw this handsome Swedish woman, her mother in shreds standing defenseless before him?

Maria Bloom was terrified but for the sake of her daughter she temporized. Learned the language of the savages and began to speak to them her tongue. Before long the princess and the sorrowful woman coming as she did from a pioneer and hardy stock, was battling the cannibalistic practices of the natives.

The Sultan Zambora was unexpectedly attracted to her and to Sanda and by degrees her hair-raising fit the savage dawned upon him that she could be induced to marry him and become the Sultana of Rennell Island, thus giving gold-en-haired Sanda the fairy-tale dream princess. In this position of power she was able to stamp out cannibalism so completely that to this day Rennell Island is known as one of the most enlightened islands of the South Seas.

The Swedish Beauty Became Queen of the Cannibals on Rennell Island, and Was Worshiped Almost to the Point of Idolatry. When She Died Her Daughter Took the Throne.

Twelve years after she was cast ashore, Maria Bloom died of malaria, having lived bravely to do all she could in the face of peril to protect her daughter. The old Sultan had learned to love her and to depend on her. He did not long outlive her.

Thus in 1919 at the age of 19 Sanda Bloom became sole ruler of Rennell Island. She was doctor, judge, jury and ruler of all. She had the last word in every dispute and her word was law to her savage subjects. They adored her to the point of idolatry.

Then, one day, a Swedish vagabond and adventurer decided to make a trip around the world in a small boat. Twelve years ago he set out, and in the course of his voyage, Birger Bagge landed at Rennell Island. To his astonishment he was courteously greeted by the savages and escorted to their queen, a white woman. She addressed him in Swedish and English, languages she had learned from her mother. They became friends.

"I have learned to love these people," Sanda Bloom told Bagge.

"Do you never long for your own people?" he asked.

"Sometimes," she said, and became silent.

Sanda had only the vaguest ideas of the outside world. Fear of the unknown made her want to remain in the haven where she was idolized as queen. Yet she felt she was missing something.

"What would you do if someone came for you?" Bagge wanted to know, but she didn't say.

Bagge offered to take her in his tiny boat to Suva, in the Fiji Islands where she might find passage "Passage to what?" She had no home, her mother was buried here, the people loved her where she was. She could not leave them for something unknown and unimagined. For three months Bagge stayed on *Rennell Island* as the lavishly-treated guest of the young Sultana and then he sailed away.

"I'll send you a prince to rescue you," he called to her as he left, and she laughed and waved farewell. It was meant for a joke, but in Hamina Bagge met a Swedish woman Oscar Anderson Anderson had been second mate on the S. S. Lurline, but had been left in the United States Marine Hospital at Pago Pago for an appendicitis operation. Anderson confided that his ambition was to find an island in the South Seas where he could become king of some savage tribe and live happily ever after.

Bagge told him the story of Sanda Bloom Anderson's imagination stirred by the strange yarn, thought the little boat Bagge had come in and set out for the island to see the queen.

When Anderson invaded Sanda Bloom's domain something happened. Sanda fell in love and so did he. For three years they ruled together in the middle of the sea. At last Anderson persuaded Sanda to go with the world for a little while.

One day recently Bagge was sauntering along the main street of Sydney, Australia, when he saw the beautiful queen with her island Anderson.

Sanda Anderson finds life with her young Swedish-American husband perfectly satisfying and has no plans for returning to her throne. But the wild tribesmen of the island do not share it.

Far out in the Pacific hundreds of miles east of New Guinea, the primitive natives chant and try to recall with their voices their beautiful white queen.

# Raffled Off All The Women In A City

GAMES of chance and lotteries in particular have had many strange versions practiced by sharpsters through the ages. The "numbers" racket currently exposed in New York is an example of the age-old weakness of men for schemes by which they may better their place in life, provided luck is with them.

One of the strangest lotteries of all time, however, was recently found to have taken place in China centuries ago. A translation of Memoires sur l'etat present de la Chine," was found that had long been missing from the files of public information. Translated as "A description of China," it was originally the record of travels made by Louis Le Comple, born in 1655 and dead by 1728. He was 30 years old at the time of his observations, having been sent to China by Louis XIV of France in 1685, as one of six Jesuit astronomers. Watchful as he was for social folkways, or what is nowadays called "sociology," he quickly obtained information about an interesting period of Chinese history, when the Tartar conquerors of Nanking had set up an ingenious and amusing lottery of all the captive women on their hands.

Reminiscent of the present Nipponese invasion of China is this old tale, and it suggests again that the passive nature of the great yellow race east of the Great Wall of China is such that conquerors may come and go, and embezzle or victimize the natives, but in the end China remains indomitable.

With great insight Le Comple first made the point that practically all marriage in ancient China was a lottery, and that therefore the game invented by the Tartars was not so shocking to the pigtail people as we might regard it, even though they themselves were the victims. Here was the marriage lottery as custom ordained it.

The men do not follow their own taste in the choice of a wife, for they never see her before-hand, but take her parents' word, or that of some old women, who are a kind of inspectors and are employed for that purpose.

The first time in which the bride and bridegroom see each other both, one of them, frequently dashing the bargain, it is a day of repining to their grief, but it is now to themselves.

The woman must submit, though she doesn't like the man, but the husband is not always so complaisant; for some on opening the chair to receive the bride, prejudged by her shape and air, have taken a dislike at once, and sent her back to her parents, leaving them to return the money that have possessed it, as a purchase.

Therefore, among the Tartars, now Nanking, they worked out a method of making money, which far from dismaying the Chinese made them merry. The idea was to put women in sacks and dispose of them by lottery sight unseen. The Chinese, being accustomed to invisible purchases of wives found nothing wrong with this arrange

Pretty Girls and Old Women Alike Were Put Into Sacks So the Bidders Couldn't Tell What They Were Getting and the Invading Tartars Profited.

method of getting married," and fell in with the scheme more than willingly.

Le Comple tells the tale thus:

"Among the disorders committed by the victorious endeavored to seize upon all the women of the place, in order to make money of them, they carried them into the city, and shut them up together in the magazines with other goods. As they were of all ages and degrees of beauty they contrived to put them into sacks to carry them to market and to sell the disagreeable and the handsome at the same price, without the sacks being opened. Two crowns were the value set on each sack, for which the purchaser in this lottery was to have the chance of obtaining a woman either in the bloom of youth a matron, or a wife wrinkled with age. This fit these soldiers ever insolent in prosperity, abuse their victory and shew themselves more barbarous in one of the most polite cities in the world than they had been in the deserts of Tartary.

"On the day of sale there was no want of purchasers. Some came with the hopes of recovering their own wives and children who were among the captives, and others were led thither with the flattering expectation that for a time would have them, well that for so trifling a sum they might obtain a woman blooming with youth and beauty. In short the novelty of this affair brought a great concourse from all the adjacent parts. An ordinary fellow who had but two crowns in the world, purchased a sack like the rest, and carried it off, but was no sooner out of the crowd than curiosity or a desire to relieve the person in the sack, made him listen to her entreaties, and he could not forbear to open it. When to his amazement and confusion he found it contained an old woman, whom age, grief and ill treatment had rendered extremely disagreeable. In the first transport of his rage he resolved to throw both the woman and the sack into the river, and thus to comfort himself for the loss of his money by the barbarous gratification of his revenge on the innocent cause of his vexation. But she instantly stopped his hand.

"'Son,' said she, 'be of good cheer, your lot is not so bad as you imagine, take care of my life, and I will render yours happy.' Somewhat pacified at these words, he took her into a house hard by, where she let him know that she belonged to a mandarin of note of the neighborhood, to whom she wrote immediately. He sent her an equipage agreeable to her quality, she carried her deliverer along with her, and was afterwards so good a friend to him, that he had never reason to complain of his having laid out two crowns in the purchase."

# Fancy Credentials For High-class Hitch-hikers

HITCH-HIKING has grown to such proportions and acquired such dangerous aspects that several states have stopped the practice by law. Several murders and many hold-ups by hitch-hikers scared the motorists to such a degree that nowadays few of them will ever stop to pick up a person standing by, if.

Most of the hitch-hikers, however, are honest people who happen to lack the fare to the place they wish to go. But how is a motorist to tell the difference between an honest person who thumbs his way along the highway and a person who tries to get a lift and then slugs his benefactor for a couple of dollars?

Having all this in mind and trying to find a way to identify honest hitch-hikers for passing motorists Stanley Fiese, of Beloit, Wisconsin, a freshman at St. Ambrose College at Davenport, Iowa, has organized the student thumbers of the nation.

Because There Are So Many Disreputable Hitch-Hikers, a Ride-Thumbing Aristocracy Was Formed.

Backed by three priests and three faculty members of St. Ambrose College, Fiese, a former high school football star taking up accounting, founded the Registered Collegiate Thumber organization, labeling it the R. C. T. for short.

The aims of the organization as outlined by Fiese include the following: to identify a class of worthy individuals who find it necessary to ask for free transportation, namely, college students; to furnish drivers with agreeable companions to release drivers and owners of vehicles from financial liability associated with injury or death of a passenger, and to remove the other hazards connected with "giving a lift" by limiting membership to those of attested good character.

A registered collegiate thumber carries with him at all times an official card. This card bears his home address, the name of his college, and is certified by an officer of the R. C. T. On the reverse of the card is a legal waiver of liability, to which is affixed the signature of the member. The organization expects to get a thousand-dollar policy at low cost for each member to cover him in case of accident.

While on the road, each member will carry a white shield bearing the initials R. C. T. and two fists with thumbs rampant. He can thus easily stop a motorist by holding this shield aloft. In addition there will be an authorized emblem similar to the above shield fastened to one piece of his luggage, if he happens to have any along.

When a member stops a motorist he must show him his identification card and explain the features of the organization. Particularly he must make clear to the operator the waiver of liability.

The member is obliged to abide by the laws of the state through which he is traveling. He must dress like a gentleman and be well-behaved, or surrender his badge.



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# Latest "Socko" in Mr. Doyle's Defensive Love Life

**The "Mild Irish Rose" Still Slap-Happy from the Punch His Disappointed Broadway Beauty Landed. But It's Not Settled Whether the Only Boxer to Knock Himself Out Is a Singing Fighter or a Fighting Singer—With a Fatal Failing for Rocky Romance.**

*"There is a tavern in the town, in the town*
*And there my dear love sits him down, sits him down*
*And drinks his wine mid laughter free*
*And never, never thinks of me."*

IN humming that classic ballad, Miss Elinore Troy, bubble dancer and Coney Island beauty-contest winner, walked into a Broadway tavern, the Midnight Sun, and there was her dear love, Jack Doyle, prizefighter extraordinary, sitting down and drinking his wine with laughter free. Also there was some reason to suspect that he was not thinking of Elinore because he was gazing deep into the [illegible] eyes of the Japanese dancer, Michi Taka. Miss Troy feared that her love had followed the sequence of the song which relates:

*"He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark*
*Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark*
*And now my love once true to me*
*Takes that damsel on his knee."*

Everything seemed according to specifications, including the darkness of the Japanese brunette.

So Elinore, who says she was engaged to handsome Jack, apparently decided then and there to break said engagement, just as did the forlorn heroine of the ballad who broke it as follows:

*"Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu*
*I can no longer stay with you, stay with you*
*I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree*
*And may the world go well with thee."*

But somehow, in the excitement, the bubble dancer seems to have gotten a little mixed up and modern in both words and action. Perhaps murmuring something that sounded like "I'll hang one on that Harp's nose," Miss Troy, who is five feet eleven and a half inches tall, marched majestically across the floor and let go a long swinging right, straight to the target. The gesture publicly broke the asserted engagement and did almost that to Mr. Doyle's nose.

The back of the seat saved the prizefighter from a knockdown but he sagged against it for a long count while the dark lady, who may never have sat on his knee, arose and no doubt murmured words to this effect:

"Please Honorable Lady, not to sock Honorable Gentleman some more until explanation."

Lest towering Elinore, like the ballad, should repeat, Midnight sons and daughters laid restraining hands on her.

They led the lady with the broken heart away from the gentleman with almost-broken nose and out of the club. A moment later, as if at the count of nine, Jack arose and ran out after her. But at last she was back in the true sequence of the song again and bid them all adieu, which was perhaps just as well, because more trouble was just around the corner.

No sooner had Mr. Doyle returned to his hotel suite than four ponderous heavyweights, the McGovern Brothers, Tom, Andy and Philip, together with a deputy sheriff, all jumped at once with a body warrant, haling him before a judge on a claim for $100,000 by Tom McGovern, his former fight manager. This was worse than a body blow but next day the claim was settled for $5,000 cash and a promise to pay $30,000 more.

Mr. Doyle, who had recently arrived through Canada from England, handed his valet, James Asendio, a huge fistful of English pounds sterling, telling him to run like the devil to the nearest bank and have it converted into American currency, English money perhaps being about the same as Confederate to the McGoverns.

James obediently lit out as if Miss Troy were at his heels and returned after a couple of hours with the necessary cash.

Things like that are always happening to Jack Doyle, known as the "Mild Irish Rose," due to his phenomenal pugilistic career, including the fact that he is the only man who ever knocked himself out in a fight. He is also a singer, but professional singers say he is a fighter and professional fighters call him a singer. He has inspired passion, tender or otherwise, in all sorts of beautiful, famous or rich women, including the very wealthy Mrs. Delphine Dodge-Cromwell-Baker-Godde, the automobile heiress. This lady was so angry that she threatened to sue him if he didn't "stop making that outrageous and unwarranted statement" that she was engaged to divorce her present husband and marry him. He has lost a lot of decisions in the prize ring and the arenas of love and finance.

But let nobody waste sympathy on handsome Jack. Into his life much rain has fallen but between storms he has enjoyed far more than his share of sunshine and [illegible]. He may not be as [illegible] as [illegible] or fight like Joe Louis or sing like [illegible], but [illegible] a heart [illegible]. [illegible] nobody's business [illegible] his ex-wife who is mad at [illegible] about him that she swears [illegible] that his affections were worth $2,000,000. The [illegible] was in connection with her alienation of affections suit against Delphine.

Claiming to be heavyweight champion of Ireland at most anything, including fighting, singing and loving, Jack Doyle got a match with Jack Petersen, the English champion. According to the terms of the contract Jack Doyle's end of the purse was to be $25,000, win, lose or draw. Though he might lose the fight, it seemed impossible that he could lose the cash. But Doyle, then called the "Fighting Thrush," is a sort of specialist in the impossible. He was charged with fouling the champion and the officials cancelled his boxing license, declared his $25,000 forfeit but agreed to dole him out $25 a week for six months. Scorning this "relief money," the "Thrush" came to America and signed up for two more bouts, both of which he was destined to lose.

The first was marriage with Judith Allen, a movie actress and former wife of Gus Sonnenberg, the wrestler, whom she had thrown in the divorce court. The second was with Buddy Baer, who knocked him out in the first round while Judith wept in a ringside seat.

However, he wasn't always so mild in the ring. Just as everyone was convinced he was a "palooka" he astonished his public by knocking cold in the first round Phil (Tomato) Donato, rated as a Grade A slugger. It wasn't so much his failures in the ring as his triumphs outside that made Judith unhappy. Every time he stepped out and forgot to return, it is said she would find a blonde fastened to him and considering herself engaged.

So last year she divorced him in California, apparently at Jack's invitation. Even in marriage and divorce Jack reversed established custom, being married in Mexico and divorced in the United States. After a year's residence to become a bona-fide resident of the State, she received an interlocutory decree but had to wait still longer to make it final.

Meanwhile the "fighting troubadour," crooning his way around the country, had visited Reno where logically his wife should have gotten her divorce long ago. But, like that of "wrong-way" Corrigan, it looked like a profitable mistake when he stunned the world by announcing his engagement to Mrs. Delphine Dodge-Cromwell-Baker-Godde who was there with the apparent intention of divorcing her third husband. It seemed as if Jack were about to grasp the greatest purse ever collected by a prize-fighter.

Alas, he went the wrong way again, wandering out to California, [illegible] charged, [illegible] of all things, renewing friendship with former wife, who still mourned her loss. If Mrs. Doyle is to be believed, he crooned his way back into her heart, and there would have been a [illegible] had [illegible] reinstated his [illegible] affections.

Anyhow, he was lost again and the [illegible] became final after all. If there is any [illegible] this, which the heiress [illegible] Delphine did an [illegible] at Mr. Doyle at his [illegible]. Instead of [illegible] the [illegible], she went back to Godde.

Throughout all his other engagements the "Mild Irish Rose" kept repeating that he would be the next husband of Mrs. Godde to the increasing exasperation of that lady and Mr. Godde. In her wrath Mrs. Godde was quoted as saying:

"I hope he knocks himself out again."

This supreme achievement of the impossible was performed in a London prize ring on September 27. Jack, weighing 224 pounds and poorly trained, was expected to be easily beaten by Eddy Phillips, weighing 192. Instead Jack had his opponent almost out in the first round but could not hit quite hard enough to finish him. In the second round, when he had him in the same condition, Jack decided not to make any mistake about it. Turning sideways and beginning a giant haymaker from far behind his back, Mr. Doyle swung like a hammer-thrower. It looked like one of the most terrific blows ever aimed in a ring.

But punch-hungry Eddy happened to lurch backward and the fist whistled past his chin with the speed of a howitzer shell. It kept right on going, dragging the rest of the "Thrush" after it and through the ropes.

Before Jack could recover consciousness and scramble back to the ring, the count had reached ten. Without assistance this remarkable young man had knocked himself out, just as he was about to win a fight.

Mr. Doyle's latest match, still unsettled when last heard from, was against a more formidable adversary than ever before. This time his opponent was not a woman or any other kind of ordinary fighter, but the United States Government, which was holding him under $1,000 bond in Los Angeles, to which city he flew soon after Elinore socked him. He was charged with falsifying information in obtaining his passport visa and ordered to show cause why he should not be deported.

However, the most unexpected turn in this increasingly complicated situation came when the surprisingly forgiving Miss Troy suddenly appeared before the Immigration Commissioner at Ellis Island and made application to have herself appointed Jack's legal guardian. She explained that she had over $500 in the bank, was earning $150 a week as a dancer and could therefore guarantee that he would not become a public charge.

The basis for this application, she said, was her "forthcoming marriage" to Mr. Doyle. In view of that broken "engagement" and the way she broke it, this seems to have been surprising news to everyone, including Mr. Doyle. It practically dumbfounded the Immigration Commissioner.

"There is no provision I know for such action," he said. "She may be acting under the law which permits a wife to file such papers in behalf of her alien spouse. But, of course, they are not married."

Furthermore, there is some doubt over whether or not this generous and conciliatory proposal will do the harried Mr. Doyle any good. The immigration authorities are reticent about their underlying reason for not wanting Jack in this country, but it couldn't be because he is in danger of becoming a public charge—since he seems to have plenty of money as well as the ability to raise more when he needs it.

All of which was apparently utterly bewildering to slap-happy Jack.

Elinore Troy, Who Was Crowned Queen of Beauty at Coney Island and Graduated to Crown Mr. Doyle When He Failed to Keep a Date With Her and Took the Japanese Dancer to a Night Club Which Was Temporarily Turned Into a Prize Ring.

Motion Picture Actress Judith Allen, One of Mr. Doyle's Knockouts, Who Married Him and Then Went to Court When He Transferred His Affections (So He Said) to Wealthy Delphine Dodge Cromwell Baker Godde.

It Was Honorable Misfortune That Michi Taka, the Japanese Dancer, Had to Be Mr. Doyle's Guest and in the Middle of the Scrap When Elinore Landed the Haymaker.

Classic Profile of Mr. Doyle Which Has Survived All Attacks, Including His Own.

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**The Perfect Waitress Is Due Any Day Now Since Pittsburgh Graduated the First Student Class in the Art of Hashing—And Mr. Will Cuppy Visualizes a Much Better World Indeed**

# "A College Course Dinner, Sir?"

By Will Cuppy

Illustrations by FLOHERTY

"Another thing that must go is that 'insolent and indifferent attitude' which has vexed or frightened many a plain citizen out of several hours' digestion, with resultant wear and tear on the basal metabolism."

"The sessions dealt in part with the waitress attitude toward the nimble dime. The girls were told to refrain from that strange form of nervous hovering, waste motion and backing and filling known as waiting around for a tip."

DON'T be surprised if you encounter the Perfect Waitress any day now as you go out and about your business. Nothing is more hope- ful. Indeed for just a moment.

Your passport may very likely be an alumna of a Pittsburgh school for waitresses which has recently turned its first batch of girl graduates upon a hungry public with results that are pretty sure to be far-reaching and favorable upon the tempers and digestions of restaurant patrons. Who says there's no progress?

The Western Pennsylvania Restaurant Association brought in the waitress idea as an educational institution based upon the fundamentally sound idea of improving the condition of all concerned in this matter of the serving and intake of nourishment.

By the way, the restaurant business is the seventh biggest industry in the country and we all know the important role played in it by waitresses not to mention the fellow who wants his toast just so in color, crispness and general thatness or how the roof leaks. Query: Has this fellow ever been up against any real trouble?)

Anyway if you continue to be thoroughly upset by the slambanging of dishes under your temperamental nose and it can't be very good for the dishes either if somebody spills a small but juicy portion of pot roast gravy on your favorite tweeds if you are left hopelessly at a loose end hankering for the cup of coffee that never comes a situation technically known as the Case of the Vanishing Waitress) it will not be the fault of Mrs. May Gibson Boyd prexy and practically one-woman faculty of the waitress school. She's out to stop all these annoyances and plenty of others that have been bothering restaurant proprietors and customers since the invention of eating in public. So you see, Mr. Toast-Fancier, there is hope.

And Mrs Boyd would seem to be the ideal master mind for a Better Waitress Movement. In addition to her activity in the Western Pennsylvania group and her job as secretary-treasurer of the Associated Restaurants of Pennsylvania, with a membership of more than three hundred she is personnel director of two large hotels in Pittsburgh. This slim and blonde lady is also a graduate of the University of Pittsburgh.

Yes, it certainly looks to the man on the receiving end of the rare roast beef—but not too rare, mind you) that if anybody is to clear up the traditional misunderstandings between the waitresses and the waitees that person is Mrs. Boyd.

Twenty-five young women, trained the Boyd way and possessing certificates to prove it, have gone forth to rejoice the hearts of those clients who always need more butter including the ones who use it on radishes, nobody knows why, those whose whole day is ruined if their eggs get bumped, but what they do with their own joints is all right, those who want to know why there are no baked potatoes left when the menu plainly says baked potatoes and the army of more reasonable souls who simply want to be served efficiently and go about their business after leaving the restaurant.

These original alumnae, one may add, will be found in the smaller restaurants which need them most and not in the larger, gilt-aged places where the training and supervision of waitresses is a matter of tradition and where a plate of corned beef hash or the floor is in a waitress's lap is a comparatively rare occurrence.

Mrs. Boyd feels that what the average citizen considers a break in the matter of hit-or-miss wrestling with foodstuffs and it does seem to be one of the things this country needs.

What is more, the restaurant patron may soon enjoy a distinct rise in quality as well as quantity. Mrs. Boyd's girls were chosen with personal appearance in mind and their course included demonstrations and talks by medical men and cosmetic experts. Mrs. Boyd emphasizes the training value of posture clear skin, good teeth and neat hands. A waitress she says should be from 5 feet 4 inches to 5 feet 8 inches in height and should weigh from 110 to 125 pounds. Ideal age: 18 to 25.

Her girls are not competing with the glamour waitresses of the Pacific Coast and some other spots, perhaps, but they are a personable lot. Incidentally they will do.

But speaking of tips one of Mrs Boyd's sessions dealt in part with the waitress attitude toward the nimble dime or other coins which she may or may not receive from the customer. Mrs. Boyd told the girls to refrain from that strange form of nervous hovering, waste motion and backing and filling known to the trade as waiting around for a tip. Said she: "In presenting a check to a guest a girl should say 'Thank you,' and avoid the attitude of expecting a tip. And what, the innocent bystander wonders, will come of that?

Just how the newly graduated waitresses behave when the moment arrives for a well-fed customer to kick in in something best known to themselves and eye-witnesses on the spot. At any rate they have been warned against all the high crimes and misdemeanors commonly charged to their craft, from standing stiffly beside the party of the second part with a haughty and intimidating mien or casting significant glances in the direction of his wallet to the aforesaid nauseous fiddling around which can mean only one thing—and you know what.

Naturally the improved models will keep their poise at least outwardly when a client starts for the door with his small change still intact. They are quite certain to omit any overt acts of violence any muffled remarks to the effect that you can't take it with you, or that Saturday night special, a passionately ironic "Goodbye, sir!" launched with an inflection that might well set a chinaman back on its heels.

Their facial expressions will probably be all that Mrs. Boyd could desire, reflecting little to the public view, mind above dimes. Yet human nature being what it is (and it is all of that, as some philosopher has said) it is not impossible that their innermost thoughts and feelings may be something else again. Can you blame them?

The fingers-in-food-and-drink practice is another evil that may become but a memory if Mrs. Boyd's system spreads to wider and wider areas, as she hopes it will, for her pupils are now qualified to instruct other girls and who knows where the good work will end?

Digits in glasses of water, thumbs in the goulash complicated nowadays with smudges of lipstick hither and yon and perhaps a chip of sanguinary nail-polish where least expected, these are ruled out together with such tribulations as slow service ("Maybe she had to go out and kill the chicken to get those croquettes started?"), improper service owning side salad fork mistakenly placed or anything deviating from the laws of the Medes and Persians), snatching the plate away before one has captured the last bit of breaded veal chop with peas and carrots, and many an-

(Continued on Page 23)

"It will be no fault of the prexy of the waitress school if you continue to be upset by the slambanging of dishes under your temperamental nose—and it can't be very good for the dishes, either."

"The case of the Vanishing Waitress"—and Sometimes When She's Suffering from "the morning after the night before." It Looks as If She May Vanish Right Before Your Eyes.



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# PECULIAR PEOPLE

## No. 4—The Pasha of Marrakech and His Troubles With His 200 Scheming Wives

Ladies of the Pasha's Harem, Who Were Content and Frugal Until He Brought Home His Modern Wife; Then His Household Became a Nightmare of Extravagance and Intrigue and Now Threatens to Become the Scene of Wholesale Divorce.

His Troubled Highness El Glaoui, Pasha of Marrakech, and Lord of the Atlas Mountains, Who Wishes He Had Never Shot Craps With the Turkish Pasha, Whose Wife He Won.

*The Beautiful Circassian Had Entered the Room Silently. Approaching the Gamblers, She Spoke With Trembling Voice to El Glaoui: "My husband always honors his debts. He will retain his honor by divorcing me here and now. After that, I am your wife."*

HIS EXCELLENCY EL HADJ SIR THAMI El Glaoui, Pasha of Marrakech and Lord of the Atlas Mountains, is said to have sworn by the beard and whiskers of the Prophet that he intends to get away from it all and live the simple life in London, even if he has to do it on a mere pittance of $250,000 a year. But as he says, money isn't everything.

The Atlas Range in Morocco, Africa, is named after Atlas the Titan who, with a strong back and a weak mind, was glad to get tired of carrying the heavens on his mighty shoulders that he tried to trust the job onto Hercules, according to mythology. Perseus later put him out of his misery by showing him the Gorgon's head which turned him into stone, thus making him into one of the Atlas Mountains.

El Glaoui, who is also known as the strong man of the mountains, has become weary of carrying 200 wives on his payroll and wishes to get them off his neck in which they are reported to give him a severe pain. He could have stood the burden if they had not gone modern, a misfortune for which he has only himself to blame.

Allah didn't get away with his attempt to shift the burden of the world onto Hercules and El Hadj Pasha Ben Mohamed Mezouari Glaoui is going to have a lot of trouble before his resignation as wholesale husband is accepted. Every one of those wives is the daughter of a powerful sheik and 200 sheiks in rebellion equals one revolution, any time, any place.

Besides that, the 200 wives themselves are some of the world's most expert intriguers and political strategists who would be able to upset their lord and master's rule if it were not for the fact that they work against each other in little cliques and if it were not that as often as a conspiracy gets started their 15 guardians, the crafty and hateful eunuchs, who understand them perfectly are sure to nip it in the bud. Now with interests at last in common these entire 215 schemers will present a united front.

Also there are the servants who wait on the inmates of the harem and all those who make profit or graft out of such an institution. Last but perhaps not least is the vehement protest of the French Government for which El Glaoui has been carrying the burden of pacifying Southern Morocco in their interests ever since 1912. For these services France generously awarded him their Military Medal Without Compensation.

The strong man of the mountains will have to be strong indeed to prevent all these adversaries from leaving him to starve in London on a beggarly $250,000 a year. Allah forbid!

In 1912 when the French troops, under Col. Mangin, later to become the famous World War general, captured the ancient Moslem capital of Marrakech, they left the young hereditary Pasha, El Glaoui in power. He proved to be a mighty ally whom the French Government, at the time of awarding the inexpensive medal described in the following words:

"Magnificent warrior who, since 1912, has placed his remarkable qualities as a leader in the service of France, at the head of his Harkas. Of great bravery and an incomparable organizer, he has excited the admiration of all because of the operations he has commanded. He has distinguished himself once more by giving the most efficacious help in the pacification of the Southern part of the region of Marrakech."

Among this superman's 200 wives are the six legal ones but to have a daughter among the unofficial ones is a high honor much sought by the various chiefs. The bulk of the harem has always been kept at the Pasha's great fortress palace at the capital, but it has been his policy to keep about 10 per cent of his relatives in smaller harems in other castles scattered about his domain. He not only likes to put all his beautiful eggs in one basket but keeps them all in the same every little while. This tends to confuse any plots they may have been hatching and makes it difficult for any ambitious admirers to bring their plans to fruition.

For, even though the warrior's domestic life was marvelously tranquil for a man with such a superabundance of wives and he ran his harem with strict economy. This was because its members had no way of knowing that they were dressed rather shabbily and cheaply. The secret of the seeming miracle lay in the fact that he never permitted in the harem any book or magazine printed in Europe, America or other countries where for some reason Allah still allows the unbeliever to flourish. The harem ladies were happy in the belief that they were the most luxuriously-dressed women in the world.

Disillusionment and discontent came with the magnificent creation of who should pay for a drink. For three months every year, if his subjects were not unruly, the Lord of the Atlas had a habit of leaving Europe to see what was what seeing.

Among other bad habits he learned to play golf and was sent from bad to worse. At Vichy after a game of golf with a wealthy Turkish Pasha, the pair stepped into a bar for a drink, a soft one no doubt because alcohol is forbidden the Mohammedan, it seemed the less rich men to throw dice to see who would pay for the refreshment but this trifling ga she grew into a terrific contest which lasted for hours, the stakes growing higher all the time and the Turk constantly losing.

Finally the sport from Marrakech suggested to the sport from Constantinople that they play once more for double or quits. The loser replied that he had already lost everything and had nothing more which he could honestly stake.

"Nothing at all?" asked the fabulously-rich Moroccan incredulously.

"Nothing but my lovely Circassian favorite wife, whom you have seen," was the answer. El Glaoui had seen her because she was traveling with her husband, unveiled, as they were in Europe.

"May I never know the houris of Paradise, if she isn't well worthy of the stake we will play," said the Lord of the Atlas.

They played and once more Allah guided the dice in El Glaoui's favor but the winner generously refused to take the wife of another true believer, which a careful study of the Koran would probably prove unsanctioned. But just then the lady in question, who had been peeping and listening, appeared to them. With a voice trembling with emotion the lovely blonde creature said:

"My husband always honors his debts. He will retain his honor by divorcing me here and now."

There was a long pause while the great blue eyes of the Circassian gazed into those of the swarthy African chieftain. Then the two men looked at each other and both said:

"Kismet!"

Sadly the Turk repeated the fatal word "Talak" (Get out) four times and thus according to Mohammedan law she was a divorced woman, free to marry anyone. The strong man of the mountains, however, forgave the absent pair happily for he owed other debts, insisting that this golden haired treasure more than settled the score. She became the winner's favorite wife and dominated him until her death a few years ago.

While he was away from the capital putting down a small insurrection she died suddenly of what may have been acute indigestion. When the Lord of the Atlas returned there was an investigation, after which the chief cook, the pastry cook, the poultry cook, and other members of the kitchen personnel and one eunuch are reported to have disappeared into the dungeons beneath the castle never to be seen again. There were stories around Marrakech that they died slowly and unpleasantly.

But the damage the Circassian favorite had already done to harem morale and finances was beyond repair. El Glaoui had been unable to refuse her anything and her previous husband had already been so careless as to let the woman become modernized. Not only did she wear European clothes much of the time, but she insisted on having all the illustrated papers and magazines of Paris, London and New York. The rest of the harem gazed on these pictures with hungry eyes, then as one woman the other 199 demanded all that they saw pictured. And that was not all. The new wife was an ardent golfer who couldn't be happy unless her husband built her a golf course, so first, there was one of nine holes, then 12, and finally 18, which had to be turfed and landscaped equal to the best.

The Lord of the Atlas wasn't staggered very much by that expense because he liked the game and loved to play it with his beautiful partner, but at once 199 others demanded to play, which meant 199 new golf ensembles plus veils, 199 sets of golf clubs, girl caddies and a professional teacher, imported from Scotland. This last almost caused a scandal because the Scotchman was not a eunuch. The social situation was saved by having the professional guarded by half a dozen of the harem eunuchs but these also had to have golf suits, clubs and instruction. The Pasha was forced to import golf balls 1,000 at a time.

It was at first erroneously reported that the trouble between El Glaoui and his harem was complaints that the girls had all become golf widows which was not the case at all. There wasn't much serious trouble for some time because the master of the harem could stand the expense and even the appearance of the others as long as the Circassian was at his side since he hardly looked at anyone else. But when she died he began to take notice and remarked. The more they cost the more awful they look." Right then the desire began growing to assemble them all and shout

"Get out!"

For centuries all of Marrakech's 150,000 inhabitants had shown their disapproval of non-believing tourists by spitting noisily at their feet and making an alarming prayer to Allah about their fate. For a couple of decades however, a new and modern foreign quarter has sprung up bringing so much real money into circulation that the native has ceased this gesture and keeps his pious thoughts to himself. In 1934 El Glaoui thought it would be good business to stimulate this new influx of foreigners and conceived the idea of building a little double city of pleasure, like the Japanese Yoshiwara, but besides women there were to be also gambling, drugs and every other vice known to man.

For advertising purposes he thought he had an inspiration in calling it "The Modern Sodom and Gomorrah." That it would have gotten enormous international free publicity is beyond doubt, but the French who would be blamed for it, told the Pasha tactfully that he would have to think of something else. So far he hasn't succeeded, except for his grand-slam divorce idea, which they do not fancy either.

Marrakech, city of mystery, beauty and misery, is girdled by pink walls with hundreds of towers rising among palm trees of the plain and within sight of the snow-capped Atlas range. Marrakech the Red is so-called because all of the houses are of that color. Its western foundation dates from 1062 A. D. and in essentials, it has hardly changed. Poets have told every succeeding generation of its beauty, mystery, its picturesque and captivating ways the hidden loveliness of its veiled women peeping teasingly from its barred windows and the torture chambers below ground. Over all and watching all towers the great palace of the Lord of the Atlas.

The main sight of the city is Jamar Finar Place, an open space in the middle of the town which for centuries has looked like a great fair ground and has been the meeting place of all the surrounding population, stout farmers from the plains, dark men from the distant Sus, little mountaineers in picturesque jillabs, all squatting together, drinking sickish syrups, permitted by Allah, and gazing solemnly at snake-charmers, jugglers, dancing boys dressed as girls, or listening intently to the interminable narratives of the grey-bearded story-tellers, the ancient equivalent of the modern radio, except that the listener is expected to pay a little something for his entertainment.

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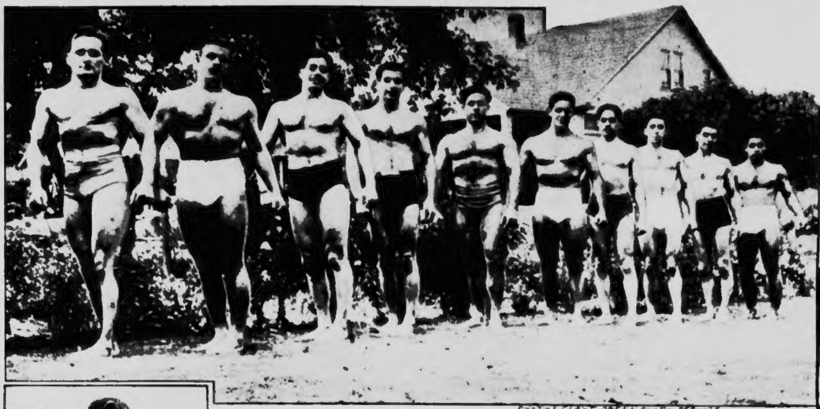
# Is This the Strongest Family in the World?



When the Husky Loprinzi Boys Line Up, Military Fashion, to Have Their Picture Taken, They Look Like the Crack Athletes of Some Nation's Team at the Olympic Games.

The Ten Male Members of the Loprinzi Family, of Portland, Oregon, Think They Represent More Man Power Than Any Other Family in the World. They Range in Age From 18 to 53 Years and Are All Experts at Weight Lifting, Boxing and Wrestling.

IF PAPA LOPRINZI, of Portland, Oregon, isn't the head of the most powerful menage in America — and perhaps in the whole world — then he'd like to know who his ten husky sons have to meet at the manly business of weight-lifting, wrestling and boxing to prove their superiority.

As evidence that there's something more than paternal pride to his challenge, fifty-year-old Charles Loprinzi points to the photographs on this page. The big pictures above show his ten boys lined up in what military men call "company front," and the three smaller pictures — one showing Signor Loprinzi with one of his muscular brood — prove his right to indulge in some fatherly boasting.

The handsome and husky Loprinzis range from 18 to 33 years in age. Their names are Philip, Gus, Dave, Joe, George, Sam, Tony, John, "Doc" and Frank. Put them all together and they spell an amazing amount of man-power — every one of them being an outstanding athlete with the sort of physique that makes an army of young men fill out the coupon on the strong-man ads.

This family of Tarzans, whose forebears came from Italy, didn't get this way just by standing in front of a mirror and blowing out their chests. They have trained since they were youngsters, and trained hard. None of the Loprinzi boys smokes, drinks or otherwise "burns the candle at both ends."

At least three nights a week the ten strong men gather in a building close by their residence in Portland and put on a strenuous show that probably isn't duplicated in any gymnasium in the country. They lift weights, wrestle, box and go through a carefully planned exercise routine.

Building a family like this is no overnight job, according to the head of the clan, who believes that boys should be brought up on wholesome food, plenty of it but not too much, exercise and ample sleep. "Real strength and energy," he says, "is built in over a period of years and can't be acquired in ten easy lessons."

Sam Loprinzi (Above, Left), Is 26 Years Old and Is Believed by Eminent Physical Culturists to Have the Best Physique in the Country. Left, Son Sam Feels the Muscles of the Head of the Strong-Man Family, 50-Year-Old Charles Loprinzi. Below (Left), Son Joe, Once Thin and Sickly, Demonstrates the Power That Made Him the Champion Weight Lifter of the Northwest.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

## A Bread-Line of British Bluebloods

There's No Depression in the Kennels Where the Thoroughbred Cocker Spaniels in the Photograph at the Left Are Being Raised. But the Pups Do Form an Amusing Breadline a Couple of Times a Day So That They Can Grow Up to Be Blue-Ribboned Champions Like Their Father and Mother. The Cameraman Who Caught This Unusual Meal-Time "Shot" Did Not Expect Such a Picture When He Dropped in at the Kingsgate Kennels, in Thanet, England. He Went There to Take Pictures of Some Prize-Winning Grown Dogs and Came Away With a Camera Study That Found Its Way Into Many British Newspapers and Magazines. The Hungry Subjects of This Amusing Picture Were So Busy Eating That They Didn't Know a Cameraman Was in the Neighborhood.

## Dresses Made of Aluminum

LONDON.

THE other day when a hand-picked [illegible] of fashion [illegible] attended a preview of this year's annual Women's Fair they were shown some gowns which they described as "brilliant." And they meant just that — because the dresses, two of which are shown below, sparkled and flashed in the spotlights thrown on the pretty mannikins parading in them.

Oddly enough, the creator of the fabric of which the shining raiment was made was not a weaver connected with some British mill, but a young chemical engineer named P. King-Morgan. For some years Mr. King-Morgan has been working with aluminum, devising ways in which it could be combined with other materials.

The featherweight metal is costly and it took a lot of doing to work out a method by which bolts of cloth could be made to use less than five per cent aluminum, and keep the cost of the fabric down to a reasonable figure.

But the shimmer isn't the only [illegible] and some of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] gowns which were the [illegible] of the fashion show. The material was featured soon in one of the British capital's leading designers and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] gowns that [illegible] [illegible] Mayfair has its way, will soon be flashing brilliantly at many a [illegible] and theatre party. Actually very little aluminum is used in the fabric.

These Aluminum Gowns, Recently Shown in London, Are Made of Fabric Invented by P. King-Morgan, a Young British Engineer.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

## New Cure for Seasickness Is 700 Years Old

THE LOWLY, prickly thistle or its juices was a cure-all in medieval days without which no apothecary's shop was complete. It was said to stop bleeding, cure fainting fits and prevent dropsy. Skeptical modern doctors poo-poohed the plant as being the tool of charlatans, and so it has been lying idly on the shelf along with other relics of superstition.

There it was found the other day by Dr. Henri Leclerc, of Paris, who experimented with the barbed "milk thistle" or "lady's thistle," the botanical pet name of which is silybum marianum. After all, St. Hildegard, the German abbess who 700 years ago recommended the "holy thistles" for dropsy, was in her time a physician of note. So, just to check up, Dr. Leclerc distilled an extract from the seeds of the weed and experimented on a few human "guinea pigs." He reports that thistles can't cure all that tradition credits them with curing, but that he may have discovered a "new" remedy for seasickness.

One patient who took the extract and then went on a voyage was surprised to find he didn't feel seasick, although in the past he never could get in a boat without the "balancer" in the back of his head taking a dive. He told the doctor, who tried out the thistle treatment on other voyagers, and it usually worked. The results were best when patients began taking the medicine about eight days before putting to sea.

Just why persons get seasick is as yet imperfectly understood, but Dr. Leclerc's discovery suggests that the secret is in the blood system. He credits the chemical tyramine in the thistle seeds with cutting down on bleeding and improving dropsy, which he says is done when the thistle's essence narrows the small arteries and capillaries, and raises the blood pressure. The patients who had bad circulation or low blood pressure benefited most by the anti-seasickness properties of the plant.

In any case, the ancient herb of St. Hildegard promises relief to countless landlubbers who until now couldn't take the rolling sea in their stride.



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# Fed His Alligators With Cats, Dogs and Maybe Girls

**The Texas "Bluebeard" Put a Bullet Through His Heart When Questioned About the Strange Diet of His Ugly Pets, So No One Knows How Many "Hostesses" Disappeared From His Sinister Tavern**

Joe D. Ball, the Murderous Innkeeper, Who Also Loved Beautiful Scenery and Good Liquor and Kept the Alligators

"YOU see. Ah told you she was there," murmured Clifton Wheeler, a curiously unemotional Negro, now known throughout Texas as the Man Friday of Bluebeard, for it Ball who put a bullet through his own heart the other day when deputies asked him to come along to the sheriff's office and answer a few routine questions among other things, just what kind of diet had he been feeding to his pet alligators?

Clif, among many other things, had come running forward a few white objects that tumbled out of the iron jaws of a motor shovel along with a big load of sand. These bleached fragments turned out to be the knuckle bones of Miss Mave Gotthart, a pretty damsel who disappeared about 18 months ago from Joe Ball's aristocratic tavern.

As soon as Deputy Sheriff [illegible] saw them he shouted, and [illegible] with his face as set as if horrified by what he had said.

Actually, though, the real shock came when Miss Mamie, a 20-year-old girl, was seen emerging backward from the side of a pit 20 feet deep and 30 feet in diameter, which the gruesome had excavated. She was the second of the victims of the Texas Bluebeard to be discovered.

It was Clif who pointed out this spot and said:

Miss Mamie is right down below here.

It was this was a [illegible] enough for Friday Wheeler's accuracy but altogether too because the chief results were two murder indictments against Ball as alleged accomplice of his boss whose overpassing had come about in that unexpected and ruthless manner. A garrulous and Mexican in the course of his chatter to Deputy Gray tossed in this remark.

You know Joe Ball's wife has disappeared too. Well, I saw him cutting a big barrel around Monday night. What do you think of that?

Nobody would expect an officer of the law least of all a hard-headed Texas Deputy Sheriff to think anything of such gossip but this one not only thought but acted. Taking another deputy along he headed for Joe's tavern at Elmendorf, a few miles from San Antonio.

There are two types of innkeeper the one who keeps within the law running a respectable place that is a credit to the neighborhood and the other sort who plays just within the fringes of crime and often gets to suspect that he likes. Such places are invariably public nuisances detested by the neighbors but their proprietors are slick and hard to catch at anything. If possible they buy police protection. Joe Ball's place was that kind frequented by Mexicans, Negroes and some whites. Guests were sometimes robbed for their money but nobody could prove that the proprietor had anything to do with it.

Neighbors said that all sorts of unawful things went on there, but since they would not be caught dead in the place it was mere hearsay. The guests were all known to Joe or vouched for by someone. Therefore if the authorities sent anyone there to get evidence he was suspected and nothing was permitted to happen until he left.

The inn had a concrete pool where five alligators lived, an entirely legitimate attraction, but neighbors asserted that Joe at times entertained his guests by throwing live dogs and cats to the gators. The death cries of the victims and the howls of cruel joy from the spectators caused the neighbors to make more complaints. Later it was found that these complaints were true and actual photographs existed of Joe performing the cruel act. But at the time it was just some more hearsay.

Recently the stories about the tavern took a more sinister turn. They mentioned a long series of women who had come there, earned the somewhat mysterious living of a "hostess" and then vanished. In the list was also a vanished 16-year-old boy, known only as Bud.

The imputation was that all these had been done away with by "Bluebeard" Ball and why didn't the authorities do something about it? One reason was that hostesses are sometimes strange people who for reasons best known to themselves often change their names and move around furtively, but that is no reason for thinking they have been murdered.

Hazel Brown, Whom the "Bluebeard" Afterwards Called His "Schatze," or "Treasure," Until He Beat the Life Out of Her and Dismembered Her Body With a Butcher's Saw and Axe

Fingerprint Expert Examining the Axe Used in Hacking Up Pretty "Schatze's" Body.

The Tavern Keeper's Alligators, Tied Up and On Their Way to the Municipal Zoo.

One of the most disappointed was that of Rocco Urso, who had been chief [illegible] of Joe's establishment. He [illegible] all those who came into the [illegible] morning Mr. Urso to size up things and ask a few questions.

From the other side of [illegible] the greatest affairs asserting that [illegible] was visiting relatives in the [illegible] Then they did not know it was the [illegible]

Next he [illegible] carting, assuring any [illegible] as they desired so that [illegible] the place. Thus they knew was a [illegible] Joe's sister Mrs. James Loop, had [illegible] them that he had stored it one night in her barn. For that one he [illegible] Joe that he would have to come along with them for further questioning.

The proprietor laughed easily as [illegible] to drink one beer and count up [illegible] before turning it over to his 22-year-old Mr. Friday, who stood listening impassively. Joe Ball drank his beer thoughtfully, then went to the cash register, but instead of counting up he suddenly whirled with a pistol in his hand. This he rapidly waved back and forth pointing at first to one star [illegible] deputy and then the other. After a minute or so they decided to do some pointing and seized their guns, each expecting a battle. Once more the Bluebeard did the unexpected, turning the gun on himself and sending a bullet through his own heart.

This suicide to avoid arrest was an unspoken confession of crime but what crime? Search of the place turned up a hatchet with old blood stains and a couple of long hairs sticking to it. This looked like a murder weapon, but who had been murdered? Further search revealed a vast amount of letters from many women. These might be classed as love letters though the authorities declined to give them to the press on the ground that they were unprintable. Still there was no evidence that any of the writers had been killed.

Next they went to work on the poker-faced "Friday" Wheeler. Clif, they say, first told them he had neither seen nor heard any suggestion of foul play. The women had come and gone but they were none of his business so he had asked no questions. However, the officers kept going over the ground again and again, asking those questions that seem so trivial but are really so cunningly contrived. After a while they showed Clif that his answers looked as if he was trying to conceal something.

Where is Mrs. Ball's body? Gray demanded sternly.

Honest, Mr. Sheriff, it wasn't her body in that barrel, the colored man answered. It was Shatze's. That was his pet name for her. She was Miss Hazel Brown.

Hazel, a pretty hostess, 25 years old, was among the list of missing. He could tell them about that one if they were interested. The officers assured him that they would be pleased to listen.

Clif said that he had not been present at the killing and had not asked for that same reason, when were none of his business for his employer had told him, after the body was in the barrel at Mrs. Loop's barn, that he had bumped her off. Next evening he had Clif take the body to a bluff overlooking the sluggish San Antonio River. Joe had brought an axe and also a meat saw from the tavern's kitchen and while the colored man looked on he sawed and hacked the limbs and head from the torso, as it would not need so big a grave.

They dug a small shallow grave tossed in the parts of the body and covered them with earth and some logs. First in the hope of making it unrecognizable Joe had placed the girl's clothing on her head, poured on gasoline and set fire to it. All that night Clif watched by the grave while the bunkeeper attended to his customers.

After his confession Wheeler took the officers to the grave and by the light of a small fire dug up a bullet through her head.

There was a [illegible] to this grave as there was to the other but what they [illegible] was impressive. [illegible] covered the [illegible] sand. Nevertheless [illegible] that laborers [illegible] days in vain.

There probably [illegible] while a motor shovel was used [illegible] Nearly all [illegible] and shattered while a crowd [illegible] inspected everything. The shovel brought up. Some of these morbid spectators had brought their children along and there were so many of them that an itinerant soft-drink peddler found it profitable to set up a stand.

Thrilled at Clif's discovery of the knuckle bones they scampered, giggling and squealing, children and all, to the edge of the pit, causing it to cave in and half bury Deputy J. J. Kleventhagen. When the exhibit was finally assembled these strangely ghoulish spectators lined up as close as permitted to see it all. Their chatter was silenced by the voice of Justice of the Peace N. P. Sanford.

Quit's going on here? he announced. Then with the Negro actually looking down at the skull of the victim Clif made his statement of how the murder had been committed and some of it. What was left of poor Miss Minnie was then sewed up in a canvas bag and the spectators scattered, but just as the bag was being placed in a car eight more women arrived and pleaded so hard that the bag was opened that they too might not be denied the sight.

How many more hostesses may be lying in shallow graves is a matter of speculation, because even if Clif knows he has ceased to talk. It is reported that one witness has stated that the "Bluebeard" besides tossing live animals to the alligators sometimes fed them pieces of human flesh. Whether this has been confirmed or not the authorities will not say.

*Neighbors Frequently Complained About the Blood-Curdling Screeches and Howls That Accompanied Mr. Ball's Custom of Feeding Live Cats and Dogs to His Ever-Hungry Alligators—and Now One Witness Says This Was Just to Whet Their Appetite for an Even More Frightful Repast.*

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# PLEASURE TIME

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# Become Birds to Kill the Birds

**Gamatie, Mighty Hunter of Nigeria's Ancient Gam-Kale People, Demonstrates the Strange Prehistoric Camouflage That Gives Him His Title of "Master of the Water and the Fields"**

Gamatie, "The Mighty Hunter" of the Gam-Kale Tribe, Wearing the Curious Centuries-Old Camouflage, as He Starts on His Day of Hunting. Disguised as the Species of Bird He Hopes to Kill, He Not Only Attracts Birds Flying Over Head but Once They Have Alighted on the Ground He Can Move Up on Them Without Being Suspected Until They Are Within Range of His Arrows.

NIAMEY, Nigeria, Nov. [illegible]

ONE of the most curious camouflages in the history of hunting has been discovered by the French explorer M. Pierre Bonardi traveling along the middle reaches of the Niger River in French West Africa. The disguise is a carved and painted wooden neck and head of a bird which is strapped to the hunter's forehead to attract birds within range of his bow and arrows. It seems to be a monopoly and the sole property of the Gam-Kale tribe, who can take the credit for inventing this particular form of perambulating decoy.

In western countries bird hunters often set out wooden decoys resembling ducks in lakes and marshy places, but they must wait, sometimes for hours, for the birds to appear. The slightest movement would frighten the game away, but with shotguns it is comparatively simple for them to bag the birds, if they know how to shoot.

In Africa, hunters face much greater difficulties. There are no [illegible] guns in the remote tribal regions [illegible] they must [illegible] the birds within a few [illegible] effective range of their [illegible] arrows. In the dry, crackling brush of the African [illegible] a hunter's slight movement can be heard from a distance of several hundred yards. It was therefore necessary to invent a method of luring birds and yet remain almost invisible and silent [illegible] be able to move up on the birds, something [illegible] western hunters of birds can [illegible] trained dogs.

The camouflage, according to the legends told M. Bonardi, originated thousands of years ago.

In those ancient times when the tribesmen of [illegible] Africa [illegible] birds [illegible] hunting [illegible]. Hunters moving through the underbrush [illegible] companions for [illegible] and [illegible] birds. Something [illegible] present this [illegible] hunters [illegible] will act as a danger signal to other hunters [illegible]. In Africa the natives [illegible] men gathered together to [illegible]. They [illegible] a certain family [illegible] tribe who were noted for their hunting prowess to cover one special area [illegible].

Crouching in the Underbrush, Gamatie Is Unseen by His Prey. Only the False Bird's Head Is Visible Over the Top of the Long Grass.

Gamatie Wends His Way Slowly Through the Underbrush, His Son Behind Him Looking Like a Black Bird. He Can Also Imitate Birds' Mating Calls and Wing Noises Which Will Lure His Prey to Him.

of the first [illegible] of [illegible] and to the head of the family they [illegible] all the secrets they knew about catching game. These secrets were handed down from generation to generation, and the [illegible] in each family undertook the responsibility of catching all the game food for his tribe.

For this he was well paid. The chief hunter of the Gam-Kale tribe, Gamatie, for example, has become so wealthy that he has been able to afford four wives, seven servants and false [illegible].

Gamatie's hunting methods are simple but founded on thousands of years of inherited experience and hunting wisdom.

He straps the bird decoy to his forehead and sets out on an expedition. He creeps slowly through the underbrush, his body covered by the tall grass. Only the false bird's head shows. If he seeks white heron, for instance, the head is a white heron's head. These carved heads are also a monopoly in a certain family and they bring high prices. Their use is always restricted to some huntsman, and the heads become the chief symbol of his power and right. One cleverly carved head at the current rate of exchange is worth a fat cow. Heavy penalties result for anyone caught stealing one of these heads.

Gamatie is a specialist at bagging white herons, which are often lone fliers. They do not fly in great numbers like ducks do, nor are they as common as pheasant or grouse. As Gamatie crouches in the underbrush a white heron may circle overhead attracted by the bobbing of the false bird's head. As it draws closer Gamatie flexes his bow. The birds are drawn by curiosity, but very often it takes them hours to summon courage to investigate even one of their own flock. But taking care not to frighten a shy bird by abrupt movement, Gamatie draws closer and closer until he reaches the danger point where the bird may become suspicious. Then the arrow flies.

Gamatie attributes his good luck at hunting not only to his effective camouflage but [illegible] the [illegible] which he always [illegible]. If he is seeking white heron he [illegible] of the meat from the last white heron he bagged. He [illegible] and [illegible] the meat [illegible] with the blood of other creatures noted for their hunting ability.

In the dry, windless African plain this charm may actually be of service [illegible] by its smell. Gamatie also knows how to imitate birds' mating calls and wing noises. These hunting secrets are his own property and he is forbidden by custom to reveal them to anyone else. Gamatie's title in the tribe is "Master of the Water and the Fields," and as a fisherman he is noted throughout Nigeria.

One of his fishing tricks is to fashion a small boat out of vegetable fibre which he binds with twine. It is about as long as a hand and as wide as two fingers. In the center of the ball a small piece of iron is wedged. A stick, connected with Gamatie's canoe, is loosely tied to the iron square. The friction of the stick against the iron causes a scraping noise like the croak of a frog.

The instrument is called "gombo" and attracts large and small fish to Gamatie's canoe. He spears them as rapidly as they come. The "gombo" is particularly good in catching a delicious fish known as "foggosh." These sell for a high price in Niamey markets.

But the "gombo" can also be used in bagging bigger game than fish. Very often Gamatie is commissioned by neighboring tribes to kill some pesky crocodile that may have eaten a native or two. His particular trick in killing the animals is to make them groggy with food. He lures fish near the crocodile with the "gombo" and after the beast has eaten its fill it will probably settle down to nap.

This is Gamatie's chance to slit its throat with a knife.

If the crocodile should suddenly awake before Gamatie has a chance to thrust his knife he will jump astride it and ride it through the water until he kills it.

Tales are told [illegible] the villages [illegible] Gamatie [illegible] the whole [illegible] a crocodile before [illegible] the crocodile skin and [illegible]. [illegible] be more than he caught [illegible].

[illegible] powerful enough [illegible].

When Gamatie [illegible] usually takes his [illegible] beasts lie so thick along the Niger he doesn't have much trouble in getting one [illegible] the animal's death [illegible] tidal wave [illegible] upset the canoe.

After Gamatie throws the spear he [illegible] to shore as fast as he can and [illegible] until the beast is dead [illegible] approach it. Then he [illegible] shore and the next day it is cut into steaks.

One of Gamatie's boasts is that his father [illegible] a charm when he [illegible] that [illegible]. He tells the story of how he was [illegible] by the Ashantis on the Gold Coast and put into prison. In his cell he took out his charm and muttering the magic phrases saw to his joy that the prison gates were mysteriously opening. What he does not tell is why he didn't use his charm before he was thrown into jail.

It is fact that he was captured, did make his escape in some inexplicable fashion and returned to his village safe and sound. His tribe believed his story, and it has become part of the local legend.

It is partly owing to Gamatie's prowess that the Gam-Kales are one of the most powerful tribes in Nigeria. By dealing out work to individuals they have given themselves a chance to develop from their primitive civilization. They are known as the best hunters and guides and some have even gone away to school.

Gamatie has ambitions for his four sons. He wants the eldest, naturally, to follow in his footsteps but the others he wants to become interpreters for travelers or automobile drivers for safaris or expeditions.

Perhaps one of his sons may inherit the secret of making the bird disguises. But it is doubtful if Gamatie's talents will ever be further exploited. He guards his "mysteries" jealously, for any competition would hurt his powerful position and perhaps damage his reputation.

But until that time, his boast that he can draw towards him by his magic "all the creatures of the water, those of the river and the sea, and all the creatures of the plain and of the hills—the small ones and the big, the gentle and the cruel" will probably be unchallenged by his tribe.

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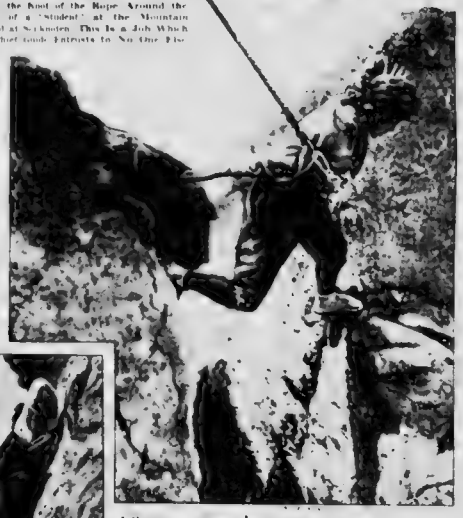
# Women Now Rival Men in Daring Death on the Peaks

Crossing Above the Plattenflanke or Narrow Ledge of the Gerstenhorn One of the Most Dangerous Peaks in Switzerland the Second Figure Shows a Woman Who Has Taken Up This Perilous Sport

Tying the End of the Rope Around the Waist of a "Student" at the Mountain School at Schinoten This Is a Job Which the Chief Guide Entrusts to No One Else



A Woman Climber in Switzerland Negotiating a Difficult Crevasse in the Downward Climb

And the Reason Why the Chief Guide Always Ties the Knot He Is Shown in This Hair Raising Photograph Where Two Climbers Are Being Lowered From an Overhanging Cliff and Their Lives Depend on the Security of the Knots

## The Most Dangerous Sport in the World Lures Them To Compete for Records in Hair-Raising Defiance of Old Tradition

The Girl Is an Expert Climber and Is Seeing Her Goal But Even With the Aid of the Mountain Guide She Is Having a Difficult Time To Get Around the Outcrop Scene in the Davos Parsenn Region of the Grisons

Plastered Up Against the Sheer Wall of the Cliff and Seeking a Foothold in Every Little Crack Any Misstep or Miscalculation Would Mean a Dreadful Death to This Fearless Woman Climber

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

# "A Gets"

By VIRGINIA SULLIVAN TOMLINSON

**being sisters under their rice powder. There never in this world were two people less alike than Miss Bert London and her Aunt Gracie. Neither in their skins nor out of them were they even step sisters.**

**I suppose when a woman spends her life housekeeping in an airplane she can't help being sort of comical. But looking at Aunt Gracie you wondered how the Boss could have fallen for her in the first place. I mean, what was there to offer?**

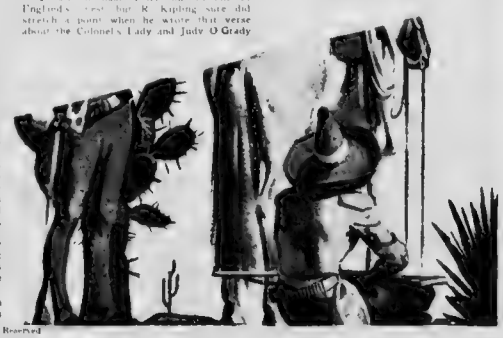
**She was a kind of low wide lady with a face that grew too far down her neck, and a high arched nose that she used mostly for sniffing. Almost everything that happened along was the dust beneath her wheels as the poet says. Especially me. From the minute we'd met, Aunt Gracie had regarded me as a mere necessary eruption. I Never Like measles or ted ants. But—once she let me alone.**

I said the B[illegible] was [illegible] Good [illegible] wi[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] trees and he [illegible] I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] it [illegible] [illegible]

E[illegible]

*"Miss Bert was in a doorway and in front of her stood one of those colorado madura lads with a gay sash. He was talking fast and she looked like she was mad and going to cry at the same time. She couldn't get past him."*

(Continued on Next Page)



IT'S funny about women. A man thinks he knows all about them. Then one morning he wakes up and what does he know? Nothing.

I thought I knew a about women once. I thought I knew a lot about flying too, and what happened [illegible] I woke up one morning [illegible] the Department of Commerce has taken away my [illegible] sense [illegible] eyes [illegible] [illegible] him. Me—Red Dean—who was among the dust and flying mist of [illegible] was one [illegible] Pilots were [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] States. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

**In the bright lexicon of love a girl's not supposed to love two men at once but two men can love the same girl even if she's engaged to one of them. That's what happened to little Miss Bert London of the wide grey eyes and alluring mouth.**

**And both her adorers were air pilots. Now, it takes some skill even for a super-airman to make a three-point landing on the heart of a girl marked with a "no parking" sign.**

**But in the thick of a revolution in a foreign country strange things can happen.**

**Pretty Miss London knew all about planes, and wings, and hangars, and ceilings, but when it came to love, was she flying blind?**

(Continued from Preceding Page)

was: "Well, we've all got our ups and downs I suppose. The Republicans have the Democrats and a dog's chance.

And you've got Evans there," Miss Bert asks. And she looked. Gee, it was good to hear her laugh again. Like I said, I'd got so making a fool of myself forever just to hear her.

Evans is right, she says then. "He's kind. Beautiful eyes he's rather fun. He... We... but I never... but he's... me... he... me... but... he... me... he... Yours... Stanley... but... he... me... he... me... he... me

Police Photograph of the Housemaid, Rosa, Who Served the Murderer as a Humble but Necessary Tool

Herr Anatole Freundlich, Patron of the Occult, Great Lover and Possessor of a Double-Purpose Cigarette Holder

Mademoiselle Lucienne Demon Who Set a Cunning Trap and Caught Herself

READERS of The American Weekly will remember the interesting articles by Mr. Ashton-Wolfe upon the work of the Surete, the French Detective Police. For many years he was associated with the famous Dr. Bertillon, father of the modern criminal identification system and, both during his time and also later, was frequently sent to remote parts of France and to other European countries to check up on new methods of detection and to exchange information.

During these trips, Mr. Ashton-Wolfe made records of a number of extraordinary cases and from his notes has reconstructed the most notable for The American Weekly. Each one, though part of a series, is complete in itself. Thus the reader need not have read the preceding articles to enjoy today's.

## CHAPTER VII.

By H. ASHTON-WOLFE,

Former Assistant of the Famous Dr. Bertillon of the Surete, French Detective Police.

S[illegible] Wilder [illegible] But even were [illegible] that they would prefer [illegible] because the Nazi Herr [illegible] people with [illegible] and goddesses bellowing Wagner [illegible] Herr [illegible] Aryan Storm Troopers. At [illegible] I want to take the chance [illegible] that if a dark room [illegible] were [illegible]

As I suspected, during my visit of courtesy at [illegible] friends Herr Inspektor Lange and [illegible] Herr Kommissaer von Wilder the situation was different. At one time Hitler was [illegible] and Spiritualism [illegible] more or less harmless business of meeting [illegible] Indian guides and [illegible] gruished [illegible] personages was temporarily [illegible] Voting machines were to be seen [illegible] and nothing was considered more chic than [illegible] a seance room in one's home and invite one's friends [illegible] Saturday night levitation and table rapping.

The police of course were aware of the growth of this pastime but instead of increasing their work, it seemed to have an opposite effect. Like any other widespread fad it absorbed the popular attention to such an extent that for a while the amount of crime actually fell off. Even hardened criminals, it appeared, were so intent on "getting through" to extinct relatives that for the moment they had little leisure for cracking skulls and safes.

But this happy picture changed suddenly with the murder of Frank Holt, the American medium. As the case also involved Herr Anatole Freundlich one of the wealthiest and most fashionable patrons of the occult, a shadow was thrown over Berlin Spiritualism from which it never again quite emerged.

Wilder recognized the importance of the case as soon as word of it reached headquarters and, summoning Lange and myself, started out at once. We arrived at the elaborate Freundlich mansion, in the outskirts of the city, at about 11 o'clock at night, about half an hour after the crime had been reported and, I should say, not over an hour after it had been committed.

Police of the local precinct were already on hand, keeping things in order against our coming. Wilder's first move was to take their captain aside and exchange a few words with him in private. An order of evacuation must have been included among the words for the captain remained after that only long enough to escort us to the library where the guests of the evening—all those who had taken part in the fatal seance—were gathered; then the captain retired and I did not see either him or his men again.

The Boston Medium, Margery, Was a Great One for Producing Psychic Hands. Here Is One She Claimed to Have Obtained from the Beyond. Where It Allegedly Belonged to a Spirit Named Walter Stinson

Later Wilder told me that he had taken this step because in view of the nature of the crime he felt that the presence of uniformed police might prevent the destruction of the guests thus hinder [illegible] work.

There were twelve people in the library when we entered—six women and six men, a dozen faces showing varying degrees of perturbation. The women were expensively gowned, the men in evening dress. Four [illegible] were to be seen. At least 11 of these were [illegible] witnesses, the other, perhaps, the murderer.

The owner of the house, a clean-shaven man who might have been anything from thirty to fifty years old, presented us to his guests with a sweeping gesture of the hand, gabbling their names in a high-pitched voice.

"It is terrible, schrecklich, this that has happened in mein Herr," he declaimed, waving his hands about excitedly. "Who could have imagined a murder here in my villa, and during a seance in the dark! Ja, sure, I will begin at the beginning.

"You see, when I heard that the famous American medium, Frank Holt, was in Europe, I arranged at once for a seance. Mein Gott—Mein Gott! If I could have foreseen!"

For a minute he appeared to lose control of himself and with trembling hands inserted a cigarette into an ostentatious tortoise-shell holder, which somehow seemed to match his character perfectly.

Wilder's eyes were on the holder as he prompted:

"You say you invited this medium; so, what happened? When did he come?"

"Today this evening, we had dinner together—all my friends were anxious to meet Mr. Holt. Afterwards we went upstairs to our psychic room. It has an alcove formed by four columns, excellently adapted for seances. The chair for the medium is screwed to the floor and once the curtains are laced up and sealed it is a sheer impossibility for any trickery to take place. The medium himself cannot slip out, nor can a confederate get to him.

"So, tonight, we had tied him to his chair, Frau von Staten—" with his hand he indicated a handsome, white-haired lady; "myself, and Johann, the

[illegible] knots [illegible] lights were turned out [illegible] singing [illegible] 'Ach, I can't stand it [illegible] Let's [illegible] Peter [illegible] when suddenly I [illegible] was dead!'

Wow!"

Herr Freundlich threw up his hands in a hopeless manner. "Ich weiss nicht. Herr Doktor says he was stabbed, but that is surely impossible.

How much time elapsed after Arch saw the medium was dead before Herr Doktor came?"

"Ach, but no time at all! Herr Doktor Laurens, one of my guests, was present at the seance fortunately. Allow me to present you. And he gestured towards a middle-aged dignified man.

"Ach ja, I remember you, Herr Doktor. You were my witness once, no? Tell me what killed the medium?"

"A most uncanny case," the medico replied in a grave voice. "At first I imagined Mister Holt had died of heart failure. Aber, when I examined him I realized that an instrument like a very slender stiletto had been driven with tremendous force slantingly through the heart from the back. Death must have been instantaneous. There was practically no blood to be seen, the wound being really no more than a tiny puncture which had closed the moment the weapon was withdrawn."

"Ach, then it was not in the wound?" the detective interrupted. "Go on, bitte."

"Nein, the weapon was not in the wound, that's why I cannot say for certain what it was. As soon as I realized a crime had been committed I took upon myself to order everyone from the room, to await your coming downstairs. Beyond the examination I made of the dead man, nothing has been touched."

Von Wilder nodded and, turning to our host, said: "Tell me, mein Herr, had you ever seen this Mr. Holt before, ja?"

Freundlich shook his head. "No, he was a stranger to all of us, but his reputation made him welcome."

"Und were all these ladies and gentlemen pres-

"Dummy" Hands Are Favorite Props of Spiritualism and Occult. Is But One of Several. Sometimes the Contraption Is Used to Give the Impression in a Dark Room of a [illegible]

Police Photograph of the Elusive Stiletto Which Was Finally Run to Earth in the Cushion of Frau Freundlich's Chair.

ent at the [illegible] Ach, sehr gut. Please bitte to remain here until I am question them.

"If you will come with me, bitte," he added to the doctor, "we'll have a look at the scene of crime and the body. Where is the footman who helped you to take the medium by the way?"

Without a word the host rang a bell. A moment later a tall, thin man in livery came to door. He was pale to ghastliness, evidently tragedy had completely unnerved him.

Von Wilder stared intently at the fellow, beckoned him into the corridor. I followed, closing the door, and heard him say in a low voice:

"So, Heller, you have given up working in hotels, eh? I heard you were trying to go straight. How long have you been here?"

"Only since yesterday, Herr Kommissaer. I was hired then. But I'm working honestly, I assure you, Herr Kommissaer. Don't tell them, please, who I am, or I'll surely lose my job."

"Did you know this medium? The truth now!"

"Nein, Herr Kommissaer. I swear I never saw him before; besides I was downstairs when it happened. Und they always lock the door."

"You had a partner formerly—Rosa Mayer. Is she here, too?"

The fellow clutched at the bannister in a despairing grip, swaying as though about to faint. His voice when he answered was a mere whisper.

"J-ja, Herr Kommissaer, she's here too, but she don't know anything about this any more than me. It's just our rotten luck this thing should happen where we are working decently. She's been mad now. She got me this job and she's promised to marry me."

Von Wilder looked thoughtful. "Gut, I

# The Terror in the Dark

## By H. Ashton-Wolfe

**Series of Mysteries opean tries the Fa- gent of nch Se- ice Was ed to e Scien- thods of te's For- lleagues**

*This Is a Diagram of the Scene in the Seance Room. It Does Not Attempt to Reproduce the Actual Conditions, Which Were Such As to Defy Any Kind of Artistic Reproduction. All It Does Is Show the Relative Positions of the Sitters and of the Medium and Suggest Their Appearance at the Time of the Murder*

Type Described in This ... Shown Here Is Used ... Hand

**Frau Freundlich, a Pawn in the Chess Game Between the Murderer and the Police, Whose Final Move Brought About the Murder Confession**

you both later." And opening the door again he called to Dr. Laurens.

"Will you show me the room now, bitte?"

We climbed the thickly carpeted stairs to the next landing, where the doctor pointed to a room on the left. Wilder examined the seal on the lock and then threw wide the door.

I saw a spacious room decorated in black and gold, with heavy hangings before the windows and containing little furniture beyond a table in the center of a ring of comfortable chairs. In front of these, and some eight feet distant, was a curtained recess, framed by black curtains parted in the middle and revealing the dead medium, loosely huddled in an armchair. In the cabinet-like recess was another small table on which lay a guitar and a tambourine, flowers, and a diaphanous white veil lay on the thick purple carpet. Two or three ordinary chairs were ranged along a wall beyond the circle, while in a far corner, to the right of the door, stood yet a third table.

"You say you assisted at this seance, Herr Doktor?" Von Wilder asked.

"Gut—then tell me—did they sit separately or did they hold hands?"

[illegible] together.

And the seals were [illegible] Herr Doktor.

[illegible] you see, I don't believe in this spiritualist [illegible]. But the manifestations had been so extraordinarily good that I paid particular attention to the cabinet because everything depended upon those portieres. If they were [illegible] as they were, the medium could not possibly have left the recess [illegible] trickery.

"Sehen Sie, these curtains are fixed to brass rods on the floor and above and they're nailed against the wall at the sides. When they're stretched taut it's impossible normally for anyone either to enter or leave the cabinet."

"I take it that red light—" Wilder indicated a small bulb above the recess—"was burning all the time and you could see the sitters, yes?"

"Vaguely. It's a very dim light, meant only to show the front of the cabinet; nevertheless one can just make out light-colored objects. Incidentally, there was a break in the electric supply about ten minutes before the seance ended and the one light went out."

Wilder pounced on the words. "How long did it stay out?"

"About five minutes, I should say."

"In short, long enough for the murderer to complete his business."

And so saying, Wilder strode towards the cabinet.

The medium, a man of middle age and curiously swarthy for an American, with a pointed

[illegible] the wound.

[illegible] Herr [illegible] had been dead [illegible]

[illegible] fifteen minutes [illegible]

[illegible] The light goes out and [illegible] blood?

[illegible]

[illegible] post mortem will show if I'm right but I [illegible] idea that the weapon was twisted [illegible] and when it reached the heart [illegible] instant death.

"You searched for the dagger [illegible]?"

"I [illegible] no sign of it anywhere [illegible] I searched the guests very thoroughly before they left the room but found not even a bloodstain on hand or clothes."

Von Wilder nodded. "Danke, Herr Doktor, perhaps you'll wait downstairs now. I prefer to be alone for a while."

I could see the doctor was disappointed, but he withdrew at once.

For an hour my chief scrutinized every inch of the room while I made several sketches showing the position of the furniture and the medium. He examined each one of the chairs closely and sounded all the walls. Evidently he expected to find a secret passage opening into the recess which would have explained how the cabinet was entered and the medium killed without disturbing the barrier of the curtains. There was, however, no sign of such a passage.

"Phantastisch!" he said at last. "I don't believe in the supernatural or I might really imagine an evil spirit had committed this crime. The presence in the house of that pair of crooks, Rosa and Paul Heller, alias Johann, is worth thinking about. It may be just chance, but I hardly think so. There's a rational explanation for such apparent coincidences."

"But the door was locked and this Johann was downstairs?" I objected.

"Exactly, that's what's so significant. You don't see it, no? Ja, ja, maybe I'm wrong, we mustn't let appearances lead us astray. On the

[illegible] even [illegible] at first sight.

[illegible]

[illegible] and observe [illegible]

[illegible] when [illegible] The [illegible] bombarded me with questions but I [illegible] by [illegible] and saying that [illegible] supernatural [illegible].

[illegible] was the secret belief of most of [illegible] and a heated argument was soon in [illegible] while it went on I examined the [illegible].

Frau Anna Freundlich, the young and pretty hostess, was definitely not the type to commit a brutal murder. Her former schoolmate, Mademoiselle Pascaline Thenon, was a typical Parisienne, blonde, petite and graceful, but with a mask-like face that might have concealed anything.

Frau von Staten, white-haired and dignified, still showed the effects of the double emotion awakened by the appearance of her daughter's materialized spirit, and afterwards the crime, while the men who had been present at the sitting, without counting the doctor, were definitely disappointing. They impressed me as commonplace and quite uninteresting types.

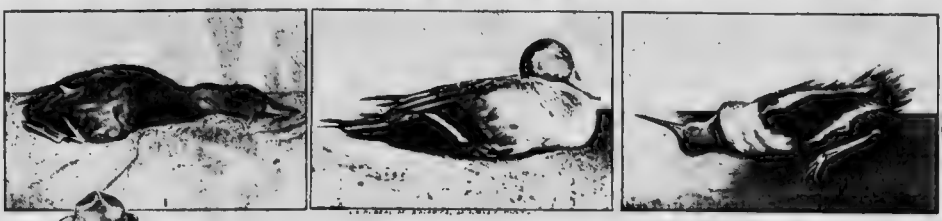
Arrangements were soon made for von Wilder's interrogation of these people, one by one, in an adjoining room.

Their stories tallied pretty well. None of them had ever met the medium, Frank Holt, before that evening, although all had heard of him. The usual preliminaries had been observed before the seance. Holt had been searched for hidden apparatus and, when led to the recess, the carpet and curtains had also been examined. After he had been lashed to the armchair with the cord, and the knots sealed, the guitar, tambourines and veil were placed on the table, and as soon as it was seen that Holt was in a trance, the curtains were drawn and likewise sealed.

From that moment it seemed that nothing material could have entered the recess; nor could the medium have come out without cutting the cord or breaking the seals. At a given signal the

(Continued on Page 18)

# Uncle Sam Builds a Hospital for Sick Ducks



Three of the Feathered Patients at the Duck Hospital on the Shores of Utah's Great Salt Lake. Each of Them, Found in This Prostrate Condition, Eventually Recovered and Flew Away, Completely Cured.

SINCE it was found that with proper treatment thousands of sick and injury-ridden ducks could be saved from the gun and put back in circulation, the U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey, at which Dr. [illegible] is in charge, has established hospitals for sick ducks at [illegible] Lake, Utah, and at [illegible] Texas.

Here [illegible] suffering from botulism, better known as Western Duck Sickness, are treated for the [illegible] which [illegible] to the [illegible] but [illegible] Later they are transferred to a large [illegible] where they are fed [illegible] and [illegible] patients remain there until their strength is regained.

Later they are transferred to a large [illegible] where they are fed fresh water pond [illegible] and [illegible] Here [illegible] by [illegible] Duck [illegible]

Most of the Web Footed Inmates of Uncle Sam's Strangest Hospital Are So Weak When They Are Brought to the Place That They Can't Even Drink and Have To Be Fed With Medicine Droppers

One of the Interns at the Unusual Hospital Feeding Some of the Convalescents That Are Up and About Again But Not Well Enough to Be Discharged

And Right

The Hospital Building Where More Than 2000 Quacking Patients Were Brought and Cared for in a Year. The Wards Have Open Sides to Provide Plenty of Fresh Air

S B M S P

T Y U F P S

B

H "L "T G P T

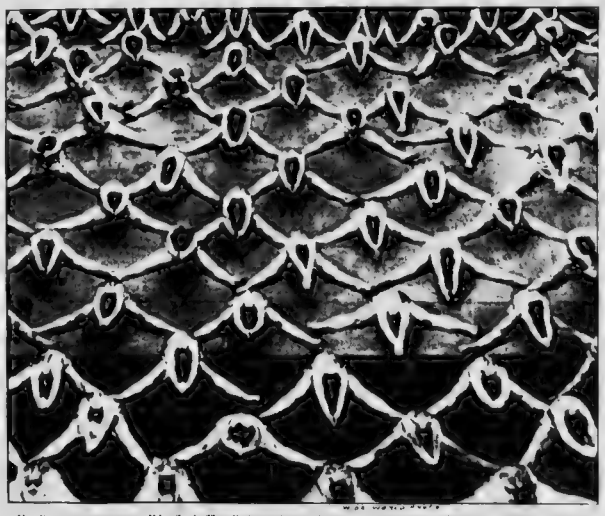
F

Bronzed by the Sun This Little Fraulein is Playing on a German Beach The Alert Police Have Orders Not to Interfere With Her Practice of Nudism

G E

S T

N



The Parisian Cameraman Who Took This Picture Climbed Up on a Catwalk High Above the Stage So That the Pretty Members of the Dancing Troupe Looked Like a Pattern in Lace.



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# A TREAT FOR ALL EYES

## *at the Auto Shows*

***It's the 1939 Body by Fisher—now featured at shows and showrooms from coast to coast—wherever the new General Motors cars are on display***

OF course there's a treat in the graceful contours—the fleet, sleek lines of every 1939 Body by Fisher.

There's a thrill in the beauty which Fisher craftsmen have wrought in every sweeping curve of the tough steel with which these bodies are built.

There's a treat for the eyes in the richly upholstered and exquisitely appointed interiors.

But the most welcome treat of all is the new *visibility*—windshields that give the driver a bigger outlook on the road ahead, a better view of overhead stop lights—windows that give the passengers new enjoyment of the great outdoors.

This new visibility is more than a matter of square inches of safety glass—you'll see it in the narrower corner posts of the windshields—and even in the placement of the rear view mirror, to give a better look at the road behind.

That's a contribution to safety worthy to rank with the solid steel Turret Top, Unisteel construction, and Fisher No Draft Ventilation.

You'll find also such safety features as soft roll tops on the front seats, round-edge fittings throughout.

And you'll find new Ventipane locks for the better protection of the car and its contents, when you want to park and leave it.

**Only BODY by FISHER offers all these extra values:**

1. *Silent security of Unisteel construction*
2. *Seamless steel Turret Top*
3. *Improved visibility on all four sides*
4. *Readily regulated Fisher No Draft Ventilation*
5. *Rattle-proof doors*
6. *Two-way adjustable front seat*
7. *Interior safety — soft roll top on front seat, round-edge fittings throughout*
8. *Sturdier yet more comfortable seat cushions*
9. *Famous Fisher interior styling and appointments*
10. *Greater roominess with wider seats, giant luggage compartments*

Any way you look at it, this new 1939 Fisher Body adds real value, comfort and style to the 1939 Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, LaSalle and Cadillac.

When you see these new General Motors cars, we think you'll agree with this sound advice . . . "When you buy a new car, pick one with Body by Fisher."

UNISTEEL TURRET TOP
G M
BODY BY FISHER
Body by Fisher on GENERAL MOTORS cars are
CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • LA SALLE • CADILLAC
THEY'RE SAYING, "CHEVROLET IS THE CHOICE" of the new
low-priced cars. And, when you see it, you'll certainly see
that one great big reason is its 1939 Body by Fisher. Looking
at it, you see more beauty, more luxury, more comfort
than you ever expected in a car that costs so little.
And from inside looking out you see more too
thanks to the increased visibility
that adds new safety to its
new Body by Fisher

# THE TERROR IN THE DARK *By H. ASHTON-WOLFE*

(Continued from Double Page)

host had then turned off the lights and switched on the red lamp, all had clasped hands in a circle, and the seance had started.

Mademoiselle Thenon's answers did not sound quite forward clearly there was something on her mind, but it was equally clear she did not mean to say a word too much.

All were emphatic however that the chain had not been broken once their neighbour's hands had never slipped. It had been over till the lights went up. A blank wall seemed to face us wherever we turned and my brief apparent chivalrousness surprised me.

The last guest to be interrogated was the doctor and von Wilder led him to the far side of the room out of earshot of me and spoke for some time in a low voice.

[illegible]

After a brief glance at Wilder Freundlich's eyes had swung directly to the woman's face. She returned his gaze and although neither made any sign I had the feeling that some kind of message passed between them.

You need not be distressed, Mademoiselle," Wilder said, with an air of courteous impotence. "I shall keep you only a little longer. Personally, I am almost convinced that the medium's death resulted from some chill or perturbation. All that is over and a few minutes more at the most should see the end of this night's work."

He glanced toward the doctor. "Was there anything you wished to speak to me about?"

"No," the woman said. "No, that's all." She stood aside to let him pass and I saw her glance at me once more to Freundlich.

[illegible]

They're a queer lot, these Wilder ladies and gentlemen. Except the sister, of course, that's the reason I'm here. I'm to be a girl Friday, save the [illegible]

[illegible]

Herr Doktor's answer I [illegible]

[illegible]

He glanced keenly at the room and records of hymns sung by a choir.

"Herr Doktor, bitte, I should like you afterwards if you will, to help my assistant, Herr Braun, with his lie detector fixing it about the head and the wrists of those I shall name. It fastens with hollow bands and will record the reactions of the brain, the nerves and the heart, and so, I trust, reveal the criminal."

"Leap hands, bitte everybody and sit still."

A sharp click and a faint whirring settled in the room. I felt a sword of [illegible] vibrating in the [illegible] atmosphere and thrilling my nerves. I [illegible] against that medium was still in the trance of waiting mat.

In the [illegible] glimmering dim red light revealed the curtains and von Wilder's figure and no more than a [illegible] Herr Doktor [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

## NOW, CORN IN TEMPTING "BUBBLES" TO GIVE YOU:—

# *Something* NEW *for Breakfast!*

***Looks Different. Tastes Different ... Contains 4 Added Food-Elements ... combined in any other well-known Corn Cereal!*** (AND READ HOW IT STAYS CRISP IN MILK OR CREAM!)

A FEW YEARS AGO the largest millers ... deliberately to ... longer than flat flake cereals do. They're *made* to stay crisper!

But here's still more ... about Corn KIX. We have ... very impo...

*We Consulted Nutrition Authorities!*

B... ... Then, as both ... ments not com... cereal, to the best ...

*We added Vitamin B.* That's the vita... normal appe... We added ... Corn KIX

*Then we ... Corn KIX with Vitamin D* ... needed for the ...

*Next we added Calcium and Phosphorus* ... that's needed for ...

In short, as ... to Corn-KIX not considered ... other ready to eat cereal ... in the world.

That Corn KIX is ... diet. Helps combat certain common dietary deficiencies when it is ... fails.

So ... not get a supply of packages TOMORROW? You'll be surprised how quickly they'll be eaten up!

* KIX is made by a special Mills process. Moisture by Mars.

**"TASTES AS GOOD AS IT LOOKS!"**

Mmmm ... Corn KIX is ever so much better than any cereal I ever tasted before. Mommy says I'm good, too. I'm going to have more coming from now on. I like to eat 'em plain out of the box or ... between meals because it's so crunchy! ... statements typical of ... everywhere

## *It's Taking America by Storm!*

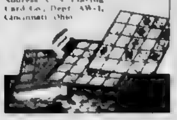
GET A PACKAGE—GIVE YOUR FAMILY A NEW BREAKFAST TREAT

YES. Po-ke-no makes evenings at home exciting ... gives parties action—suspense—thrills! It's sweeping America.

Young and old love it! 2 to 14 people can play. Takes only a minute to learn.

Packed in stunning black and red gift box, includes 12 handsome durable playing boards, 200 chips in rich colors, complete instructions. A welcome gift.

● See Po-ke-no at your dealer's today. If he doesn't have it send $1 for prompt postpaid shipment. Address U. S. Playing Card Co., Dept. AW-1, Cincinnati, Ohio.



THOUSANDS EVERYWHERE ACCLAIM THIS

New Psychology Of Life!

[illegible]

*The* Rosicrucians

-AMORC-

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA



DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?


# A Thrilling Romance of the Air in "A Guy Gets Around"

(Continued from Page 13)

boy, were they hopped up about the revolution! You hear anything about it here? Looks like it might be the real thing this time."

"Stop changing the subject," I said. "I still want to get this thing straight. You mean you're actually flying for an oil company, advertising gas? You, Pat Kilroy, the man who—"

He finished it for me. "The man who once did a three thousand foot loop upside down and came out forty feet above the ground. And so far as that sort of fame goes today, Beau, I might just as well have been with Chater. Sure I'm working for 'em. Flying's a business now, not just a lot of stunts. You've got to grow up sometime, you know."

"Yeah," I says. "I know. Only I was just remembering how you once said—"

"Let me say it," he interrupted [illegible]

[illegible]

I shook my head.

[illegible]

[illegible]

That's the way he was. A [illegible]

[illegible]

F[illegible]

[illegible]

guard in a spig jail. Beau, do you remember that time in the bastile at Peru?"

Did I remember?

You don't forget the times you've had with a man like Pat Kilroy. Not any time ever you don't.

Kilroy was still squinting across the field, and then I saw that young Eric wasn't alone. Miss Bert had come out on the field too. She sure looked cute standing there in the sun with her little orange-colored hanky round her neck. I didn't wonder Kilroy looked at her. I liked to look at her myself, and I'm only a bum mech hired by her uncle to manicure an engine.

Only she was wasting her time looking at Kilroy. Kilroy hated women, or so I'd always heard. There was some story that Smoky Kane tried to tell me once: some girl Kilroy'd been crazy about who'd thrown him over because he wouldn't give up flying and settle down. Now [illegible]

[illegible]

W[illegible]

[illegible] What's that [illegible]

[illegible]

He kept walking around his ship [illegible]

[illegible]

Bert says [illegible]

[illegible]

I [illegible]

[illegible]

Maybe Aunt Gracie was being more pernickety than usual, or maybe it was just being engaged to little Eric. And maybe it was just my imagination, but I do know that when I passed down the hotel corridor the night before I thought I heard her crying in her room. Those slatted shutters don't give a girl a mite of privacy. She'd come down to breakfast that morning with the usual smile, however, so I figures maybe I'd been wrong.

"I wouldn't trouble you to drive me in," she says now, "only I've got to get back to the hotel. Aunt Gracie went to Cholulu for the day. It's Indian Market Day at San Martin Texmelucan."

So I says, "Listen, Miss Bert ... if you don't have to go right back, I know a swell place. It's a little cafe ..."

And then I stopped, because she laughed again and shook her head. That's the worst of not being used to ladies. You forget that a girl like Miss Bert London wouldn't know what to make of the Cafe of the Closed Shutters. Nor of Conchita either. Now that would have been something to see! Conchita and Miss Bert London.

Seems I'd heard about this cafe from Speed Weams back in the States. It was one of those joints where you eat with your back to a good thick wall and watch the front, but it had everything he said.

Enchi'adas made of shredded raw onion and white milk cheese rolled in tortillas with a kind of red chili gravy. And mescal! Ever try mescal? You drink it neat, with a dash of maguey worm salt on the back of your hand. The salt is tied to a little sack [illegible]

Now there was [illegible]

And there was where I'd met [illegible]

[illegible]

> **NEXT SUNDAY**
>
> **"For Richer or For Poorer?"**
>
> An outstanding new serial by Thelma Strabel of the fast-living, fast-loving smart set of Miami's millionaire winter colony begins in
>
> THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

[illegible]

[illegible]

Why don't you get married, Beau," he says. [illegible]

Wasn't he the sweetest [illegible] carrying the torch for matrimony and him hitched to Aunt Gracie! But it was Pat Kilroy who really made me sore.

"Never tell a friend what's best for him," he mutters, sort of sad-like. "You only start an argument."

"Meaning what?" I says, knowing what he meant all the time.

"Meaning the demi-tasse handmaiden, what's her name? Conchita," he says. "Highly sensitive to neglect they are, these maidens, highly sensitive. I been looking in a crystal," he says, "and I see Beau Devlin strolling down the Plaza snapping the price-tag off a wedding ring and giving his name in a low voice to the Padre. Well, here's to the wings of love, my boy. May they never moult a feather!"

"You're crazy," I says. And if it had been anyone else but Kilroy I'd have socked him too.

And then something happened that put even Conchita out of my mind.

WE'D been there about a week when young Eric and I rode out to the field one morning to have a look-see at the plane. The Boss had promised rides to some of the City Fathers, but one look at the place where the ship should have been and I knew that all bets were off.

A wire was stretched across the entrance to the field, barring our way. Beside it stood a Mexican soldier, a fixed bayonet on his shoulder and a nasty look in his eye.

"Thee Presidente ees dead," he says. "Viva el Presidente!"

"You don't say so!" says young Eric, with that laugh of his. "Funny. I didn't even know he was sick. Did you, Devlin?" He tried to push past this [illegible]

The [illegible] says the Mexican [illegible] mug of his up against Stanley's.

I didn't like his smile, nor the way he caught hold of me as I tried [illegible]

[illegible]

S[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] and everybody's guessing [illegible]

Communication from the outside world had been [illegible]

[illegible]

SO THERE we were, with even the Boss admitting finally that our one hope of getting the ship back was to sit tight and let sleeping police-dogs lie and lie. It might take a week, it might take six months. And meantime, the U. S. A. looked awful good and awful far away.

It was nothing to me if we stayed or went. I was drawing my cakes and ale. But I sure was sorry for Miss Bert. Seemed like the only thing she thought about was how soon we could go home. Young Eric didn't bother her much with his presence; he had his own pleasures cutting up didoes for the senoritas around the town.

At first I thought this might be why Miss Bert was so upset. And then I found out different.

It was a couple of evenings after we'd got the bad news about the ship that I wandered out to the flying field to take a look at things in general. I managed to get by the guard and slipped around to the plane. And then I stopped. I heard a voice that made me start. It was Miss Bert, speaking sort of low and half crying. But it was the voice that answered hers that gave me a jolt. It was the voice of Pat Kilroy. How they happened to be there was a mystery to me.

"We've been all over this before, Bert," Pat was saying. "And we never get anywhere, my dear. When a woman finds out that a man's a fool, any surplus episodes should make little difference. You know what my life is."

"I know what you must be making it!" Miss Bert says back at him. "Oh, I can't talk to you [illegible] Pat. You've changed [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] which was what bothered me. She understood something I didn't.

(Continued on Page 22)


THOUSANDS NOW "ALKALIZE" WHILE THEY SLEEP

If You Over-indulge take "Phillips'" at Bedtime to wake up with a smile—no sign of acid stomach

*Try This Way   See How Clear Your Head Feels Next Day*

[illegible]

What you do is take 2 tablespoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water—AT BEDTIME.

While you sleep, this wonderful alkalizer will be sweetening your stomach [illegible] and [illegible] bring back a "normal" feeling. By morning you feel great.

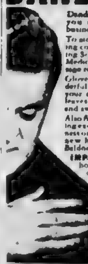
[illegible] take two more tablespoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia with the juice of a whole orange.

Try this way. See how clear your head feels next day. Notice the absence of dullness and "depression" due to excess stomach acidity.

But—when you buy, make sure you get the Real Article—now either in liquid or handy tablets. Never ask for "milk of magnesia" alone—always ask for "Phillips'" Milk of Magnesia—the kind many doctors endorse.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

DANDRUFF



Dandruff can be a handicap to you socially as well as in business!

To aid in checking this annoying condition and relieve Itching Scalp, use Glover's Mange Medicine and systematic massage regularly.

Glover's Treatment has a wonderful tonic-like effect: makes your scalp glow all over and leaves it immaculately clean and sweet.

Also famous as an aid in checking excessive Falling Hair, Oiliness or Dryness and promoting new hair growth in Patchy Baldness.

IMPORTANT! Shampoo at home with Glover's Medicated Soap. Cleanses and removes Mange Medicine's clean pine tar odor.

Both are sold by all Druggists.

Your Barber knows the value of Glover's Mange Medicine Treatment. Ask him!

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE



Is Your Skin a Handicap?

Try Resinol! Its soothing medication and beneficial oiliness quickly relieve the itchy soreness of ugly externally caused pimples, and promote faster healing. Use Resinol Soap for careful skin cleansing.

RESINOL OINTMENT and SOAP



READ THE AMERICAN WEEKLY regularly — there's no other magazine like it.



BEFORE GREASE STOPS UP YOUR KITCHEN SINK —USE Drāno

Drāno keeps drains free of grease—garbage—keeps them from slowing or stopping up. [illegible]

USE IN ALL DRAINS ONCE A WEEK

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CORNS

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*Famous model removes painful corns this easy way*

IF YOU suffer from ugly, painful corns, read what this famous model Miss Jerry Harding says: "For 3 years I had been paring my corns. They always came back bigger, more painful than ever. I decided to try Blue-Jay. The pain stopped and in just a few days the corn lifted out Root and All." Miss Harding's experience is typical of millions who have found quick relief with Blue-Jay. Blue-Jay is scientific, easy to use. Only 25¢ for a package of six corn plasters. Same price in Canada. Try Blue-Jay today.

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

REMOVE CORNS ROOT AND ALL!

* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.




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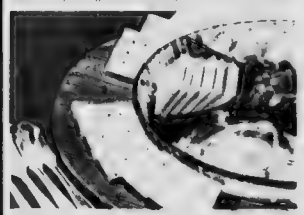
# YOU'VE EATEN OVER 14,000,000 more packages OF PREMIUM CRACKERS IN A YEAR

**Sales show that the Nation's families prefer this *fresher–flakier* cracker**

**See how Premiums pep up Autumn meals to match keen Autumn appetites**



**Premiums and Soup**



**Premiums for Snacks**—

**Creamed Dishes a la Premium**—Use your favorite recipe for creamed oysters, chipped beef, tuna fish, chicken. Premium's tang adds extra zest. Less work, too!

## Prove it to yourself that Premiums are FRESHER • FLAKIER

BREAK a Premium Cracker in half. Hear it snap with freshness? No ordinary cracker so crisply "crunchy." Look at the inside—see its *flaky, open* texture. Then taste it. Catch that *tangy* flavor! Finer ingredients—better baking and packaging—a delivery system that rushes them to your grocer *fresh from the oven* make Premiums the most satisfying cracker you ever tasted.

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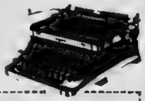

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YOUR NEXT PIPE

YELLO-BOLE


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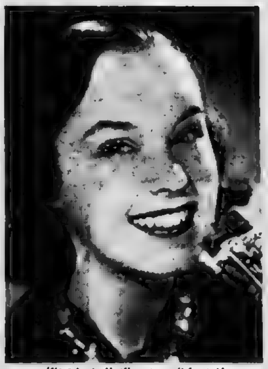
# One good bite deserves another!

It's love at first bite!



It's a taste thrill you won't forget!

# PUFFED *it tastes better*

The instant you pop a piece of Nestle's Puffed Milk Chocolate into your mouth the honeycomb texture releases all the creamy-rich goodness of the famous Nestle flavor. Enjoy this taste-surprise. Get a bar of Nestle's Puffed Chocolate at your favorite candy stand . . . today! It's a thrill you'll want to repeat.

Made by the makers of NESTLE'S FAMOUS CHOCOLATE BARS

NESTLÉ'S PUFFED MILK CHOCOLATE 5¢


# Almanack Echoes

### BOUQUETS, MRS. ALBRIGHT

THE word is still getting round about those deli- ... of Mrs. Alfred A. Albright ... appears that ...

2 cups sifted all purpose flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons sugar
¼ cup butter
... cup milk (about)

Sift flour ... add sugar ... baking powder ... sift again ... [illegible]

### CRITICISMS, MRS. SCHULTZ

WHEN Mrs. E. Schultz of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, sent in a recipe for "Italian Spaghetti dinner" which was awarded a prize ... Then the letters began to come in by the hun- ... Nearly everyone who tried the dish liked it although many ... pointed out that it wasn't ... style.

... a wild duck dinner," writes Mrs. E. Brandenburg, Romulus, Mich. "Hubby came home and no ducks. I didn't know what to serve so I made the Italian Dinner. It was well worth the prize."

"I think that Mrs. Schultz should know how real Italian Spaghetti is made," writes Nicholas Carucci, Bristol, Conn. "I've read your recipes in the Almanack and think they're very good."

"Italians don't use ketchup," writes Mrs. Tony Ross, Manazza, Pa. "My grandparents ... father and ... all Italians ..."

... another ... covered the Almanack ... writes Mrs. H. C. Fergert, ... N. Y. "I have tried Mrs. Schultz's recipe and ..."

... writes Margaret ..., Waterbury, Conn.

## "A Guy Gets Around" By Virginia Sullivan Tomlinson

(Continued from Page 20)

[illegible]

(Continued on Page 25)

## American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3828. ... NEW DISH TOWELS ... [illegible]

Pattern 3846. ... [illegible] ... fabric for dress ... yards; sash requires 2½ yards 4-inch ribbon.

Pattern 3876. GET READY TO BE FINE COMPLIMENTS WHEN YOU WEAR THIS ADORABLE BUTTON DOWN THE FRONT STYLE. EITHER AS AN AT HOME FROCK OR ...

Pattern 3897. ... EASY TO MAKE ... CHRISTMAS TREE ... [illegible]

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# Right-About-Face Towards Winter

*By Mrs. Christine Frederick,*
*The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.*

HOUSEKEEPING is as seasonable as the sun.

Just like the entire Solar System housekeeping has its definite rhythms and changes, now turned towards spring, now towards summer and later to autumn and winter positions. This is especially true in our northern latitudes, where an almost tropical summer is followed by months of winter so cold and snowy as to offer perfect conditions for skiing and similar winter sports.

Instead of having fun with an outdoor fireplace and cooking frankfurters and corn roasts in the open as was popular in the summer, the family is much more concerned with an indoor fireplace and making cheery warmth radiate into every room. Instead of caring for an outdoor garden now the home-maker lovingly tends her plants indoors and thus is interested in gadgets and services for the indoor flowerbox.

Even the type of cooking is different. Heavy duty casseroles and skillets and saucepots replace the light housekeeping and paper plates of hot weather.

More and more houses and even the new apartments are being built or renovated with a wood-burning fireplace in at least the main room. Perhaps this is happening as a result of more people living a good part of the year in the country, where a fireplace is the center of the country house and its easy comfort.

Take it from any angle, the fireplace is back to stay. Thus all fireplace accessories are of increasing importance and among these are the convenient fire-lighters or briquettes of pressed sawdust which make fire-lighting rapid and assured. No need to use either kindling wood or papers with these little bricks. Use 1 block to make a fire merely by placing under small logs and lighting.

To watch lovely colors swirl among your logs throw some special chemically treated shavings on the fire and give your guests some "winter fireworks."

Growing plants add charm to any room. A special utility plant-shelf fits level with the window-ledge and adds about 4 inches to its width and 24 inches to the length. Fastening with thumb-screws not nails it can be installed in a jiffy. Grand for bulb bowls, ivy, etc. Or, if you like a copy of an old Victorian flower stand, made of white mesh metal in two or three tiers, you may have it, mounted on castors, in white. It would be a decorative addition to the sun-room or the living room.

Consider the closet. Have you enough closet space? If not, then the new door closet which provides about four more inches on the back of any usual room door might be of service. It comes to be fitted to the bathroom, nursery or kitchen door as made of steel, and fitted with narrow shelves and hooks. Create wall space without taking up floor space by using one of these on the door cupboards.

Not until real research is made into the subject does one realize that every hanger is not an all-garments hanger. To be specific there is a hanger for every purpose for every type of garment. Thus a sweater, for example, should not be hung on the same hanger as is suitable for holding an evening dress or a man's coat.

The price of each garment hanger differs, therefore, so should the hanger. The evening dress hanger has ends which turn up, to keep those narrow shoulder-bands from sliding off if, perchance, the suit hanger turns down. Broad-shouldered persons to the way may buy extra wide hangers, believe it or not, so that their garments may be well shaped.

A far less whole is the right to any position that is possible in the supply is something to remember as a fact was left on to faster. So the call right now, when the busy dressing season is at hand. It keeps ties positively unattached, visible and accessible.

Shoe and hat racks a complete valet stand, which holds all a man's garments in shape are other accessories now available which will save time and temper.

Darned and may be avoided by the use of a humidifier which will bring needed moisture into the overheated room. Operated on current and running about a cent an hour, this device is a pale about a gallon of water into the room every 12 hours.

On the other hand you may turn it and be sure with an electric heater that is utterly safe and washable, you can turn on this electric blanket as easily as you now turn on your radio. It stays the same temperature all night no matter how cold it may become towards morning. And of course with a thermostat control.

Children in their nursery will love the quaint new night lamps made of glass featuring children's favorite characters. They shed a mellow glow at a cost of less than one cent per week. The lights are mounted like an old-fashioned candle made of bronze or silver finish.

Turning now to the kitchen. What may be found here that is especially seasonable for winter wear? The electric corn-popper easily leads with Hallowe'en behind and all the winter parties still ahead. The top is made of glass through which it is fun to watch the grains popping into snowy fluffs.

Another newest trick of the household wiz is the fully automatic waffler which turns the waffle all by itself. And you may have it on one of six preferred shades of brown, a waffle to match your mood, your taste or your complexion. It makes two waffles at once, by the way.

Another electric appliance which will bring joy to the heart of the hostess is an electric food warmer or table server. When the wife is also cook and maid this warmer is invaluable. For Sunday breakfasts it will keep bits of muffins just the right degree of piping hotness so desirable at a leisurely meal, or for the buffet supper it will hold creamed oysters, au gratin potatoes, baked beans, stew or any other mixture. Bachelors will love it, too, or the business girl who likes to entertain without fuss.

Now that it is only a matter of days until Thanksgiving it is time the following two items aroused holiday interest. The first is a set of knives as sharp as a razor. And for fine slicing these fine-ground knives cannot be beat. They come fitted with their own leather sheaths at that to prevent the edges from becoming dulled. Mer will admire them.

The second item is a set of carving tongs not knives which enable the carver to get a good grip on the cooked fowl or joint, exciting skill to please every host.

Speaking of so many electric appliances brings the timely number to today's housewife's book and that is an electric tension cord gadget with which appliances can be connected over distant base plugs. The fad of cord reels up in a neat case when not in use.

Right-about-face towards winter makes housekeeping interesting.

# THE TERROR IN THE DARK *By H. ASHTON-WOLFE*

(Continued from Page 18)

worked over him. I took Frau Freundlich back to her room. She had stopped weeping now and walked like a person asleep. When I returned to the seance room, Wilder was questioning the now subdued host in a low voice. This went on for some time and then he signed to me to take the man down to the car. His slight figure was hunched over as we descended the stairs and he looked thirty years older.

The rest of that afternoon was spent in explanations and in fact the whole of the next day, entirely straight in my mind until some hours after we had got back to headquarters.

It began years ago, when Holt and Freundlich were associated under the banner of Spiritualism. They gave seances together and shook down the so-called 'mug' for as much as the traffic would bear. This partnership had been disrupted after the death of a rich old lady one of their flock, who had made Freundlich her heir. Holt had felt that some of the money should have been coming to him and the two men parted in a mood of antagonism. Freundlich subsequently increased his nest egg, married and became the rich patron of the Beyond we had known. Meanwhile Holt had not been making such a good thing of it but when some additional facts about the death of the rich old lady fell into his hands, he felt that his luck was due for a change and set out for Berlin. His purpose was blackmail.

As soon as word of his approach reached Freundlich that gentleman armed himself against future contingencies by taking on the footman, Johann, a man with a criminal record on whom suspicion would be bound to fall should anything untoward happen. Freundlich by the way apparently had an extraordinary appeal for women, not only was his wife completely under his domination, but only was he carrying on an affaire with Mademoiselle Theron, but he also had the maid, Rosa, going around sighing for him.

When Holt arrived on the scene Freundlich was ready. They carried out their little monetary transaction with the amiability and regard for all quarters of a couple of hark pirates, each knowing a few ways to bilk the public. Freundlich put up no objections to his former friend's demands, he said he found them no more than just. In return all he asked was that Holt exhibit his remarkable powers at a seance to a group of selected believers. Holt agreed.

By way of preparation for this event Freundlich put on a specially constructed coat a kind of prop-coat dear to people who practice Spiritualism for profit, and instructed the housemaid Rosa to pull the switch controlling the red light at a time agreed upon. Then with all in readiness he took his seat between his wife on one side and Mademoiselle Theron on the other. The lights went out and the red light came on and all raised hands, all that is, but Freundlich. Instead of giving Mademoiselle Theron his left hand and his wife his right, he gave each of them a dummy hand made of some pulpy material covered with real skin and ejectible from the oversize sleeves of his jacket.

This done he cautiously removed one arm from the aforementioned oversize sleeve, fastened the jacket to the back of the chair and removed the other arm. His short sleeves were covered with black cloth. When the red light went out he finished his movements covered by the drone of the medium's voice and the supernatural manifestations were advanced on Holt. It was to trick himself himself between the wall and the curtain because this Wilder himself had discovered, the outer hanging edge of the curtain to the wall were loose in their holes. Apparently Holt was not wholly a fraud, at any rate he was enough of a trance not to recognize the approach of his murderous friend. Freundlich completed his business and mimicked the dead man's voice announced, not without irony that the power was waning. Then he stole back to his chair.

But a rather unfortunate thing had happened in his absence. Mademoiselle Theron taking advantage of the occasion to squeeze her lover's hand had discovered that she was holding something incapable of responding to affection. The discovery no doubt shocked her but also stimulated her thought processes to an astonishing degree. She realized if not at once, certainly as soon as Holt's death became known, that Freundlich had put not only a dummy hand in here but at the same time his own fate. She might deal with him as she wished, and what Mademoiselle Theron wished was marriage.

In their midnight tryst she made this known with devastating clarity. Either Freundlich should go away with his wife and marry her, or . . . She did not have to complete the sentence. Freundlich probably had been promised her anything but marriage. It was not enough. She wanted marriage. But how could he do away with his wife? Well, she replied, how had he done away with Holt. It was plain that these Dominiquis of detectives thought that Holt had been murdered by a spirit, they had said as much, what was to prevent their thinking the same thing of his wife if for instance at the seance which had been arranged for the next day a similar fate should overtake her." And her last word was that she would give him until tomorrow to think it over.

Next morning he was still balky and remained so until our entrance. Then as Mademoiselle Theron came forward saying "Herr Freundlich, may I speak to you please," he made up his mind. The message announcing that he had made his decision was exchanged in that glance which I have described as frequently happens with telepathic messages. It was a little garbled in the receiving end, Mademoiselle Theron thought he was going to kill Frau Freundlich actually he was going to kill Mademoiselle Theron.

The mechanical problems of this murder were a good deal simpler than of the other. No props except the stiletto blade and the tortoise-shell holder were necessary. This time there was no trick jacket. He simply withdrew his hand from Mademoiselle Theron's clasp, and she accepted the withdrawal in good faith, thinking that this hand was to be employed in the loveliest business she had assigned it. Instead he was transferring into his wife's hand, placed the cigarette holder in his mouth, jammed the blade into it, removed the completed weapon, and bracing himself, plunged it into Mademoiselle Theron's back. And finally, before the lights could go on, aided by the confusion following his victim's single cry, he disposed of the blade in the projecting seat of his wife's chair, just in case.

The rest of the story is soon told. Mademoiselle Theron's body was found in the morning by the maid Rosa, who, as I had suspected, was in the pay of Freundlich. Rosa's testimony was to the effect that Mademoiselle Theron had left the house at about 10 o'clock the night before, and that Herr Freundlich had been out all night. Freundlich's own testimony was that he had been out all night, that he had left the house at about 10 o'clock, and that Mademoiselle Theron had been alive when he left her. Rosa's testimony was corroborated by the footman, Johann, who had seen Mademoiselle Theron leave the house at about 10 o'clock. Freundlich's wife, who had been in bed with a headache, could not testify as to the time of her husband's departure, but she did testify that he had been out all night.

Freundlich was arrested on the charge of murdering Mademoiselle Theron. He was tried, convicted and executed. Rosa, the maid, was sentenced to a year in prison as an accessory after the fact. Johann was released.

# "College Course Dinner, Sir?"

(Continued from Page 4)

other nerve-racking bit of malfeasance in office. Maybe we'll miss all these familiar lapses in waitressing. Or will we?

Another thing that must go is that insolent and indifferent attitude—the remote, aloof kind of waiting that has either vexed or frightened many a plain citizen out of several hours digestion, with resultant wear and tear on the basal metabolism. Also the opposite error, over-familiarity, personified in the girl who tells you her life story, interspersed with anecdotes about her less interesting relatives, while you are trying to eat and read the newspaper, or near feat in itself. Likewise gossiping with other employes in little huddles, the "I-say-to-him" formation, while the patient yells for an ashtray.

The waitress who loves to recommend certain dishes is given considerable leeway under the Britannigan rules. Mrs. Boyd permits her students to suggest in moderation. They may observe, for instance, "We have red raspberries that look delicious." Well and good, unless the waitress is dealing with an old grouch who is allergic to red raspberries or hates to have them rubbed in.

"The baked breast of lamb à la creole is very good today, sir," is another remark that might work both ways. At such a suggestion some patrons invariably feel a vague stirring of mistrust, though it may be far from a fact that the restaurant has been stuck with a few carloads of sheep purchased at bargain rates for one reason or another, and probably the latter if the truth were known. Besides there seem to be people who just naturally hate baked breast of lamb, especially à la creole, no matter if the gentleman just leaving did say it was wonderful. Well, there is no pleasing some people. Munching about a university for restaurant eaters, many of whom would be classified by any scientist as pests of the first water? Can't we do something for the fellow who consumes rolls and butter faster than any one waitress can shovel them to him? Does he do this from mere absence of mind or is it just an extreme case of liking rolls and butter?

And what of the lady who devises while the last maraschino cherry is being balanced into place atop the last marshmallow in the Wednesday Cocktail Salad that she'd rather have the World's Fair Special with whipped cream instead of ketchup on the shrimps and watercress in place of lettuce and please hurry, because she's already late to the movies." What about it, Mrs. Boyd? What indeed!

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# THE AMERICAN WEEKLY HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

Greatest Circulation in the World

## "Homesick" Foods

By Donald A. Laird, Ph.D., Sc.D.

MANY a tourist returning home from abroad remarks that the food was wonderful but the water was so terrible it upset his stomach and ruined at least six days of his trip which cost him about ten dollars a day.

Many a person who doesn't take an expensive jaunt to Europe but merely goes to a circus and munches peanuts, popcorn, hot dogs and pop all afternoon also gets his stomach upset. And for the same reason. There was nothing wrong with the food itself. It was just because his stomach was homesick even if he didn't leave his home [illegible].

Gastric nostalgia is the technical term for this state of affairs, a condition in which the stomach gets homesick for the food it has been used to working on most of its busy life.

The digestive juices of the stomach become especially adapted to work on the sort of foods each person favors. There are some people who day after day eat foods which are pretty tough on the stomach, yet their particular stomachs take these hard-to-digest things as a matter of course.

"He has a leather stomach" is what they say of such a person. But he has a stomach just like yours or mine would be if we kept throwing the same things into it. The gastric juices gradually become slightly altered so they can do the best job on the tough things submitted to them daily.

But when such a leather stomach is given something different for a change, something really healthful and easy to digest, it acts as though it were made of thin rubber rather than of leather. Over the years it has developed juices to work on terrible foods and these juices are almost completely stumped when they are given what should be an easy job of a change for them to handle.

So funny feelings begin to grow down inside the ribs and the stomach is really homesick for the foods it has been used to. In most cases of homesickness authorities are now becoming convinced that a homesick stomach is a factor which has to be reckoned with.

Changing foods should always be done by easy stages so the stomach juices become adapted to the new job they will have. The stomach can digest just about anything, but it is wise to give it just a little of the new foods at the start and not try to give it a complete surprise or it may surprise you.

Whether it is a [illegible] or selecting a meal from the long food list [illegible] eating in a foreign city, there will be [illegible] of change we are used to eating regularly day in and day out.

When we stay at a good hotel and eat marvelous food, much better than we are used to at home, we still don't enjoy it as we ought because our stomach is not used to working on it. We have a vague restlessness which is not cured until we get back home with our feet under a familiar table and, importantly, familiar foods in our now relieved stomach.

A new food, a different taste, always adds zest to a meal, and we can safely experiment with a new recipe or two each day. Such unusual ones, for example, as are given on this page. But most of our daily food should be old friendly food. Yet it is nice to [illegible] of foods and [illegible] if we get a [illegible] and friends and old foods seem best for us.

### VENISON STEAK

**A TASTY REMINDER OF PIONEER DAYS**

CUT a 2 inch steak from the haunch of a deer. Rub salt and black pepper into it. Then roll in flour and fry in hot fat until nicely browned on both sides. Then place steak in a small roaster and cover with mushrooms, fresh if available. Otherwise canned ones will do. Cover with roaster lid, place on back of stove and let simmer for 20 minutes. Serve with buttered baked potatoes, green onions, sweet milk biscuits and wild plum preserves. Serve your favorite beverage and you will receive sweet praises.

Mrs. Edna M. Clawson,
Mador Point, Oregon.

(Now that the hunting season is open, here is a delicious way to serve that venison steak.—Mary Lee Swann.)

*In the Middle Ages Edward III Induced the Flemish Clothmakers to Visit England and Teach Others Their Trade by Offering Mutton and Roast Beef as a Change from Their Herring Diet.*

*When Domitian the Imperator Tried that a New Fish Sauce He Summoned a Special Session of the Roman Senate to Vote on Its Merits.*

### OYSTER STEW

**COOKING ACCOMPLISHMENT IN SWING TIME**

A [illegible] Morgan [illegible] oyster stew.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 quart half milk, half cream | 1 pint oysters with liquor |
| 1 teaspoonful salt | 4 tablespoons butter |
| One-eighth teaspoonful pepper | Paprika |

Place cleaned oysters, liquor and butter in saucepan. Simmer gently until edges of oysters curl. Slowly add the cream and seasonings, heat and serve at once. For variety add one-half cup of finely sliced mushrooms to simmering oysters. Serve with tiny pieces of toast and assorted muffins and [illegible].

### UNUSUAL PRIZE WINNING RECIPES

**CUCUMBER CARAVEL**

Cut cucumbers in half lengthwise and scoop out the centers. Place in ice water until ready to serve. Mix with large can of tuna fish, one small can of cooked diced potatoes and 3 hard boiled eggs, chopped rather fine. Then make a dressing of ½ cup of olive oil, 3 tablespoonsful of vinegar, ½ teaspoonful of pepper, ½ teaspoonful of salt and a dash of paprika. When the mixture, liberally moistened with the dressing, is placed in the hollowed cucumbers and served on leaves of lettuce garnished with olives and a little chopped parsley, it is a cool dish for the main course of a meal.

Mrs. Eleanor M. Young,
Chevy Chase, Maryland.

(Mrs. Young, this is a delicious [illegible] Mary Lee Swann.)

**TROPICAL SHERBET**

2 eggs, separated
1 small can crushed pineapple
3 large bananas, mashed
Juice of 2 oranges
7 tablespoons sugar

Method: Beat egg yolks with 4 tablespoons of sugar until light and lemon colored. Add mashed bananas, pineapple and orange juice. Mix well and turn into freezing tray. Freeze to a thick mush. Remove from tray and [illegible]. Beat egg whites until stiff. Add tablespoons of sugar and continue beating until very thick and creamy. Fold into frozen mixture, return to refrigerator and finish freezing. Makes 1 qt.

Mrs. R. Y. Quinn,
Wichita, Kansas.

([illegible] Mary Lee Swann.)

**SOUR CREAM CABBAGE**

One small tender head cabbage cut quite fine. Fry in part any fat and part butter until tender, but do not brown. Salt to taste. Mix 1 egg,
1 cup sour cream
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons vinegar

Pour over tender cooked cabbage and heat thoroughly; most delicious.

Elsie McQuiston,
Selby, California.

(This is very delicious; do not use vinegar that is too strong.—Mary Lee Swann.)

### SPAGHETTI NORTHERN SOUTHERN ITALIAN STYLE

**SOME LIKE IT THIS WAY**

I[illegible] of Milwaukee, Wis., will go down in cooking history as the woman who started the great Spaghetti Controversy. It all began a few weeks ago when she sent in a recipe for an Italian spaghetti dinner which was printed on the Recipe page. She referred to her recipe as "Italian." Immediately readers from all over the country began sending in their own versions of this ancient and honorable Italian dish.

Here are two authentic prize winning recipes, the first a favorite in the northern part of Italy, being submitted by Frue Ravina, managing director of the Center City Club, 25 East 30th St., New York City.

The sauce: [illegible] put butter in it. Add 2 medium onions chopped fine, 1 clove garlic whole. Bring to golden color. Remove garlic, then add chopped chicken livers from 2 chickens and 6 whole mushrooms (fresh or dried), chopped. Add 1 pinch Rosemary leaves. Mix till golden [illegible]. When cooked with above add 1 can whole peeled Italian tomatoes. Season salt and pepper to taste. Let simmer slowly till thickens, about 45 minutes. When sauce is done add spaghetti that has been boiled 20 minutes in plenty of salted boiling water. When done strain. Season. Put in dish, pour sauce over, add grated Parmesan cheese, mix thoroughly, and serve extra cheese.

**OTHERS PREFER IT LIKE THIS**

WHILE in the north of Italy spaghetti is prepared with butter and a pinch of Rosemary, in the southern part of the peninsula olive oil and bay leaves are used instead.

In this prize-winning recipe from Mr. Stanley F. Hood of 4 Ely Court, Metuchen, New Jersey, the spaghetti is prepared Naples style. It is possible, however, that Mr. Hood specifies too much garlic for some palates, as 6 cloves is a good deal! The recipe:

3 cans Italian tomato paste
1 No. 2 can Italian type tomatoes
1 onion (medium size)
6 cloves of garlic
2 bay leaves
¾ cup olive oil
1 lb. ground round steak
2 lbs. spaghetti (1 lb. for 3 persons)
Salt and pepper to taste
¼ lb. Italian cheese (grated)

Peel onion and garlic, cut into medium size pieces, put olive oil into frying pan, add onion and garlic. Fry slowly until brown. Place tomato paste and tomatoes into sauce pan, add bay leaves, salt and pepper. Add one can of water for each can of paste. When garlic and onions are browned, strain olive oil into sauce. Bring sauce to a slow boil and simmer for one and a half hours. Render a piece of suet in frying pan and then remove; add chopped round steak and brown, chopping into small pieces. Add salt and pepper to taste. When paste has cooked for one and a half hours, strain. Drain juice from browned meat and add meat to strained sauce. Cook slowly for another half hour.

Add spaghetti slowly to pot of salted, fast boiling water, cook for 20 minutes or until done, strain into colander, running cold water through spaghetti, then heat the spaghetti and place upon a buttered platter; bring sauce to a boil and serve immediately. Serves 3 to 6 persons.

### ORIGINAL PLYMOUTH SUCCOTASH

THIS recipe has been handed down through generations of Pilgrim descendants. It is the feature dish of every true Plymouth family on "Forefather's Day" each year.

Boil together in properly seasoned water about 4 lbs. of corned beef, a 4-lb. fowl and ½ lb. of fat pork. Keep covered with water and cook until tender. Add sliced turnip and potatoes, allowing proper cooking time for each.

Remove meat and vegetables from liquor and thicken it with 2 lbs. of pea beans which have been cooked and mashed to a pulp. Then add 3 qts. of hulled corn. To each serving add pieces of beef and chicken and vegetables. This makes several quarts and it is better each time it is served.

Mrs. Francis E. Croft,
90 Allerton St., Plymouth, Mass.

(Mrs. Croft, I can understand why this recipe has been handed down through generations of Pilgrim descendants. It is a fine variation of the New England Boiled Dinner and extends the flavor of meat to cheaper materials. I used tender green corn in testing the recipe.—Mary Lee Swann.)

***Omelet and coarse bread was a favorite evening meal of Emperor Joseph II, of Austria.***

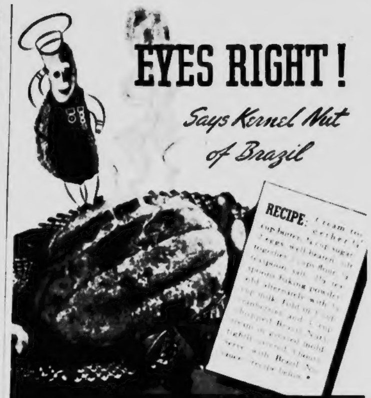
*Dunand, Napoleon's chef, always had roast chicken and cutlet ready to serve the Emperor at any hour of the day or night.*

### YOUR RECIPE MAY WIN $5

*The American Weekly will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used on this page. Here's a chance for housewives throughout the land to turn their culinary skill, experience and ingenuity into profit.*

*There is no restriction on the kind of recipe to be submitted except that it must be original. Write on one side of the paper only. Be sure to give your name and address. And write or print plainly.*

*Send your recipe to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, 235 East 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Unused recipes cannot be returned.*




DELICIOUS *Brazil Nut* STEAMED PUDDING

The new crop Brazil Nuts are in—at your local food stores right now. Enjoy some after every meal—plain or toasted and salted. Add them to cakes, cookies, desserts, salads, etc. Their delicate flavor and crisp, tender texture always make a hit.

**EAT AT WILL**

[illegible]

***Brazil Nut Pudding Sauce**
Beat 2 egg yolks, stir in 1 cup confectioner's sugar, ½ cup ground Brazil Nuts, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Delicious on all hot puddings and other desserts. Send for recipe book.

**FREE**
**"A Parade of Brazil Nut Recipes"**
32 pages illustrated

[illegible]

**Appreciated by Millions of Readers!**

READING matter that is dramatic and stimulating—that's what nearly 7,000,000 families find in this and every issue of The American Weekly.

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**You'll love Spry pastry and fried foods, too**

***—and see how digestible***

SO DIGESTIBLE a child can eat them when they're made the Spry way! Doubly delicious, too. Pastry so tender and flaky. Fried foods crisp and delicate-tasting. And Spry cakes are wonderful! Just try this recipe.

**CHOCO MALLOW CAKE**

[illegible]

**CHOCO-MALLOW FROSTING**

| | |
|---|---|
| 3 tablespoons Spry | 2¼ cups sifted confectioners' sugar |
| 1½ tablespoons butter | ⅛ teaspoon salt |
| 4 ounces chocolate | ¾ teaspoon vanilla |
| 7 tablespoons hot milk | |

Melt Spry, butter and chocolate together over hot water. (Spry makes frostings deliciously creamy, beautifully glossy.) Pour hot milk over combined sugar and salt and stir until sugar is dissolved. Add vanilla. Add chocolate mixture and beat until smooth and thick enough to spread. Makes enough frosting to put between layers and on top and sides of Choco-Mallow Cake. [illegible]

Clip and save this Spry recipe

In 6-lb., 3-lb. and 1-lb. cans

**Spry**

The new, purer ALL-vegetable shortening

**TRIPLE-CREAMED!**



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# Appetizing Menus for the Week

by Mary Lee Swann

**Monday**

*Breakfast*
Sliced Oranges
Cereal
French Toast
Marmalade
Milk or Coffee
*Luncheon*
Bean Soup
Croutons
Cheese and
Macaroni
Casserole
Tomatoes with Onion
French Dressing
Graham Muffins or
Scottish Bread
Nutmeg Ice Cakes
Tea
Mocha Frosting
Tea
*Dinner*
Clam Bouillon
Veal Loaf with
Brown Sauce
Baked Apricots
Carrots and
Green Peas
Green Bouquet Salad
Tapioca Pudding

**Tuesday**

*Breakfast*
Prunes
Cereal
Poached Eggs
Toasted
Graham
Muffins
Bacon
Coffee
*Luncheon*
Cream of Tomato
Soup
Toasted Crackers
Salmon Souffle
Cream Sauce
Broccoli with Lemon
Jelly Jumbles
Tea
*Dinner*
Mixed Fruit Cup
Lamb Chops en
Casserole
Buttered Asparagus
Chinese Cabbage and
Beet Salad
Ripe Pears
Butter Cheese
Crackers
Coffee Substitute

**Wednesday**

*Breakfast*
Grapefruit
Cereal
Fizzled
Dried Beef
Raw Potato
Pancakes
Coffee
*Luncheon*
Oyster Stew
Oyster Crackers
Shredded
Cabbage
and Apple Slaw
Hot Tomato Juice
*Dinner*
Grapejuice
Broiled Fish
with
Lemon Butter
and Watercress
Steamed
Potatoes
Buttered Beets
Lettuce Salad
Calcimo
Dressing
Brown Sugar
Nut Pie

**Thursday**

*Breakfast*
Grapes
Cereal
Scrambled Eggs
Buckwheat
Muffins
Coffee
*Luncheon*
Sauerkraut Juice
Creamed Corn with
Broiled Virginia
Sausage
Mixed
Green Salad
Russian
Dressing
Cheese Popovers
Applesauce
Tea
*Dinner*
Onion Soup
Kidneys and
Beef Pie
Buttered Turnips
Lettuce
Salad Dressing
Fruit Jelly with
Custard Sauce

**Friday**

*Breakfast*
Apples Baked in
Pineapple Juice
Cereal
Broiled Bacon
Rice Pancakes
Honey
Coffee
*Luncheon*
Beef Liver
en Brochette
Celery
Baked Potatoes
Layer Down
Checkerboard Cake
Hot Tomato Juice
*Dinner*
Rolled Breast of
Lamb
Rice
Brussels Sprouts
Apple Mint Jelly
Celery and Grated
Raw Carrot Salad
Almond Dressing
Fruit and
Cheese Tray
Beverage
Coffee Substitute

**Saturday**

*Breakfast*
Orange and
Grapefruit Juice
Cereal
Shirred Eggs
Reheated Rolls
from
Bakers
Milk or Coffee
*Luncheon*
Black Bean Soup
Hot Vegetable
Club Sandwich
Apple Whip with
Custard Sauce
Dixie Cookies
*Dinner*
Cranberry
Juice
Roast Pork
Cream Gravy
Glazed Sweet
Potatoes
Spinach
with Lemon
Watercress Salad
French Dressing
Favorite
Ice Box Cake

**Sunday**

*Breakfast*
Sliced Bananas
with
Orange Juice
Whole Grain Cereal
Fruit Popovers
Coffee
*Dinner*
Emergency Soup
(Left Overs)
Curried Duck
Steamed White or
Wild Rice
Home Made Fruit
Chutney
Buttered
Cauliflower
Steamed Beets
Pears Baked with
Ginger Syrup
Half Cups Coffee
*Supper*
Fruit Compote
Eggs Baked with
Bread Crumbs
and Cream
Snow Flake
Biscuits
Pumpkin Tartlets


His just had his bath — now it's Libby-time!

No wonder baby's grinning. Here comes Mother with the grandest meal — meat, smooth vegetables, fruit — all prepared in Libby kitchens for babies.

The doctor recommended Libby's because *strained vegetables* are easier to digest. They make better use of every age. And they supply precious minerals and vitamins that help Jimmy grow up big and strong.

**Vegetables for Earlier Feeding**

Libby's Baby Foods are *different* from the finer strained foods. Libby starts with home vegetables, fruits and meats. Then strains them until they're extremely fine. And there's a new *homogenization* process that makes them extra smooth.

**Nine Different Kinds**

Libby's


## Love Steals a Plane Ride in "A Guy Gets Around"

(Continued from Page 22)

town and he neighbors get mad and run him off as fast he thinks he's a new kind street. Then he gets mad and talks all his friends into getting mad too. Do you see? It's this guy Roberts who's causing all the particular fight. He's not the main reason get the hate country at stirred up.

Roberts?

Yeah. Seems he's a kind of insurgent and the people except by him. He's so tough a cannibal couldn't eat anything but his belt buckle. I saw him once a long time ago in a parade near, Maza'lan. Riding a horse with a red sash and a hat of a cover hole a new kind street. The horse kept trying to eat the bells and I guess I laughed at the wrong time. Anyway, he shouted that white straight at me and boy I not a long time.

She laughed of course which was what I was trying for but I could see that she really was worried about something. Maybe she was afraid little Eric would get into this war and become a case for plastic surgery although I was beginning to believe otherwise.

I've got to hurry back to the hotel now, she says with a sighing. I left Kitty Kirby at Cook's office planting more trips to places worth while, she and in a very good humor today. I think it's the coffee Beau. It's melting her inhibition. But it's Uncle Jim really worry for. He's so worried about this delay about not being able to go home.

She should tell me how worried the Boss was when he wouldn't let me out of his sight even at meal times.

This distinct party of Aunt Gracie's for tomorrow. It was his idea I should go. I'm not very, though I got up a squawk.

I mean, you see at least, he said. I suppose that he'd feel in a strange country. The Lord's prayer, you whip. I've been working on it and the moment that word comes we want to be ready to shove right off.

BY THE time the hour of the dinner arrived I was all of a flutter for fear I might not use the right fork, but I felt some better after I'd watched into that dining room and found I was to sit beside Miss Bert.

Young Eric was also among the many, though nobody seemed to mind. Aunt Gracie having mustered up a few friends of her own around the hotel.

There was a Panama hat, the usual thing, only worse, between a Mexican affair and a straw, trying to look like sailing hats if the States. A chorus of cuties dressed in red pants and very little else.

Miss Bert wasn't overlistening. I kept asking Kitty could have been here right about then. She had on a dress pretty enough to melt an angel right off his perch in Heaven.

Having a nice time, Beau? she says to me now, in a low voice, then giggled at my gaze. She knew darned well what I thought of being where I was.

Not very happy yourself are you? I says. It being none of my business but that's what two drinks of champagne always does to me.

I shouldn't have one at this early at a, she says scolding herself. I had a feeling about it, only I thought it would be nice for that staying house politing up way for the winter.

Is that why you shouldn't have come. Who did she think she was fooling.

Look here, I says are you trying to tell me —

I'm not trying to tell you a thing Beau, she says and seems to come out of her trance. But the lady on your other side is trying to.

And then I saw the Boss standing in the dining room door, signaling me to come along. He had a letter in his hand, a long airmail envelope looking impressive trimmed with red seals. It looked official. The Boss's eyes snapped with interest.

I'll be right there, I says, to the waiter at the table at my back. We're having a meeting with the government, see. I think we're going to be able to get out of here real soon. I'm going to get a move on a re

I [illegible] Madera Avenue [illegible] and about him were draped some sixteen shawled and turbaned ladies who registered determination in all the departments of their personalities. Bowling him in that crowd was going to be no easy job.

At almost the same moment I saw something else. Pat Kilroy sitting at a table against the wall all by himself with a bowl of refreshment before him. I shed my beau and neared myself against the crowd, ploughing a path toward him.

What have we here? Kilroy asks when I get to him. The face it has a familiarity, but visibility is poor. A good night to stay in hangars. How's about a small personal drinkie, eh? And then in a lower tone he says: Stick around, Beau. I might need you.

I need you! I says. And next on to tell him why I was there. I might have to ask you to give me a hand presently to get this guy Stanley back to the hotel. I says. There'll be just time to action him up if he comes easy.

Kilroy wasn't listening. Look here, Beau, he says. I've got into plenty of skullduggery around this place tonight. When you get back to the hotel give Martin a message for me will you? Tell him if there's any chance of his getting that ship of his out of here tomorrow to take it. I think the President's going to make him a proposition.

He'll take it as all right, I says if they give him a chance and looked over to where Eric Stanley still stood, a wistful and pleased look at himself. The picture behind the bar. When I looked back Kilroy was staring over my shoulder at the doorway. He gave a low whistle.

At the head of the staircase a man was standing. He wore tight-fitting slacks pants a shirt jacket of burnt orange silk, studded up with gold braid and a partridge hat strapped over a yellow scarf. The whole was a daisy design that uniform himself. Where he couldn't sand with another yard of braid he was a girl and those are pearls.

But what bothered me was that I knew I'd seen him some place and the meeting hadn't been a happy one. Who was he?

To Be Continued Next Sunday


The events and characters depicted in this serial are fictitious and any similarity to actual persons living or dead is coincidental.



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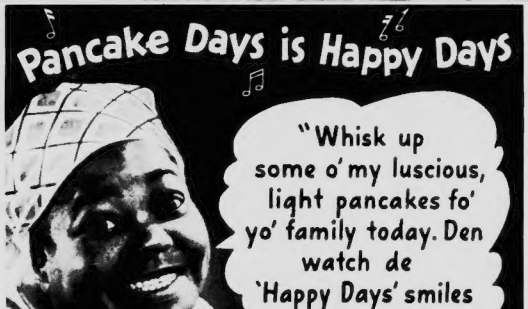
BLEACHES · DEODORIZES · DISINFECTS
REMOVES NUMEROUS STAINS
Even Scorch and Mildew

PURE · SAFE · DEPENDABLE



Pancake Days is Happy Days



"Whisk up some o' my luscious, light pancakes fo' yo' family today. Den watch de 'Happy Days' smiles light up."

EVERYONE LOVES AUNT JEMIMA'S. And [illegible] and so easy to digest. Just a mixture of [illegible] and milk or water [illegible] millions of happy folks who enjoy Aunt Jemima's delicious Pancakes and Buckwheats. Aunt Jemima's are made of [illegible] and cream of wheat flour. They're

# Every inch of it says: LET'S GO!

**BUICK 1939 PRICES ARE LOWER**
*—lower than last year, lower than you'd expect, lower even than some sixes*

LOOK at it! Standing still, every inch seems itching to get going. Streaming along, as you see it here, it's the perfect picture of perfect action!

Now, just put yourself behind that wheel!

Imagine *your* eyes looking out over that comely, streamlined bonnet—*your* hand on that ready, instant-answering wheel—*your* foot on the gas treadle, bossing that ablest of the straight-eights!

You hardly know your engine's turning, so quietly does it pour forth its power!

The big bad bumps are like a mill pond's ripples, so smoothly do giant coil springs level them for you!

You look out on the wide, wide world past narrower posts and through deeper, wider windshields and windows—up to 413 more square inches of safety plate glass lets you see America first, last and all the time!

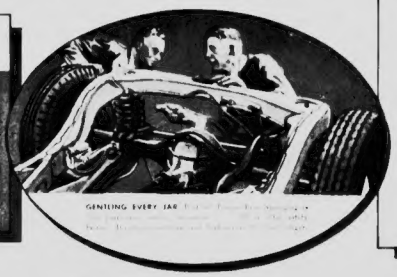
Comfort? You've never known the like, what with lower floors, and wider seats, and as much as four inches more to stretch out your legs!

Convenience? It's everywhere—from a gear-shift out of knee-way to a direction signal that ends all arm-out-the-window wigwags!

An idle dream, you say? Not a bit of it! This great car's calling pointedly to *you* when it so plainly invites, "Step in! Let's go!"

Though bigger, though better, though more beautiful than ever, this great Buick is actually *lower* in price! Lower than last year—lower *by far* than you'd ever think to look at it!

So, why don't you visit the nearest Buick dealer—just to see the surprising news that's written on his price tags?



GENTLING EVERY JAR

**JUST FLIP A SWITCH** with the new Flash-Way signal to tell following cars which way you're going to turn. Shows day or night, operates from a small lever on gear-shift, looks like a neat monogram when not in use. Standard on all models.

## *No other car in the World has all these features*

**DYNAFLASH VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT EIGHT ENGINE**—world's ablest eight, with a valve in each cylinder

**BUICOIL TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING**—better ride, steadier steering, longer tire life

**MORE VISIBILITY**—up to 413 more square inches of safety plate glass windows

**HANDISHIFT TRANSMISSION**—gear-shift on the steering post, out of your way

**ROOMIER UNISTEEL BODY BY FISHER**—with Ventilation Silent Unit body mountings, built to Fisher quality standards

**TORQUE TUBE DRIVE**—nearly two [illegible]

**TIPTOE HYDRAULIC BRAKES**—[illegible] safety, smoothness, ease and dependability

**CROWN SPRING CLUTCH**—[illegible] parts, and all of the longest trouble-free life, quietest clutch

**"CATWALK COOLING"**—[illegible] of cooling system to the [illegible]

**OPTIONAL REAR AXLE GEAR RATIOS**—[illegible] choice between power and speed, economy and extra-[illegible] economy

**FLASH-WAY DIRECTION SIGNAL**—[illegible] used for turn signals in foul weather

**KNEE-ACTION FRONT SPRINGING**—with new geometry for steering, safety on curves and light, positive steering

# "Buick's the Beauty!"

**EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE**